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General Theme: The Latch String Is Out--Come and Visit Us

Our Invitation to You

A Shulla School Boy's Composition on Hospitality

Bible Reading On Hospitality

Who's Who In This Issue

Articles

1. Through A Tourist's Eyes ..... Mrs. Wm. C. Atwater
2. Fourteen Short Days ..... Cloyce Huston
3. A Wish And Its Fulfillment ..... Mrs. Edward Whiteside
4. A Stranger's Trail ..... Rev. G. S. Hoover
5. After Many Years ..... Rev. J. Oscar Boyd, D. D.
6. Following Up An Investment ..... J. A. Miller

The House By The Side Of The Road

Our Invitation To You.

"O, come to where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,
But where flowers are blooming all the year long,
Where the shade of the palm tree is over my home,
And the lemon and the orange are white with their bloom!"

—John Greenleaf Whittier

A Shulla Boy's Composition on Hospitality

In our country when a friend visits we wish to be good to him. I say to my friend, "Good Morning, my friend." I ask about the people. My friend says, "They are well." When we are through with greetings I bring my friend into the *kal*. I give him food and he eats. He is very happy. When through eating he says, "I am going to my village." I say, "All right, good bye," and he says to me, "Good bye."

If a chief visits, you say, "Good morning, sir" He says, "Good morning." I go in the *kal* and sweep the ground. I bring him in and he is happy. I give him food and he eats.

In our country when you visit your friend and you arrive in the village you sit behind mats in the *kal* and your friend comes and greets you. Then he returns to the tukl (house) and sweeps the ground. He brings you in the house and food is brought. When you want to return you speak of going. If more food is present he says, "Wait," and you wait until morning.

Note—The above composition was copied just as it was given to me. No corrections have been made.—L. P. Oyler.

Bible Reading on Hospitality

Hospitality was regarded by most nations of the ancient world as one of the chief virtues. In the New Testament hospitality is yet more markedly enjoined. The Good Samaritan stands for all ages as an example of Christian hospitality. The neglect of Christ is symbolized by inhospitality to our neighbors. Matt. 25:43. The apostles urged the early church to "follow after hospitality," Rom. 12:13, 1 Tim. 5:10; to remember Abraham's example, Heb. 13:2; to "use hospitality one to another without grudging," 1 Pet. 4:9; while a bishop must be a "lover of hospitality," Titus 1:8 cf. I Tim. 3:2.

Who's Who In This Issue

Mrs. Wm. C. Atwater is a warm friend of missionaries, and many of us in the Sudan have reason to thank her for the substantial way in which she has been showing her interest. Mr. and Mrs. Atwater visited Egypt and the Sudan in 1924.

Mr. Cloyce Huston was a teacher in the American University at Cairo. Since the expiration of his term of service he has been appointed to the American Consulate at Cairo.

Mrs. Edward Whiteside has been deeply interested in the Sudan Mission since its foundation in 1901. The Sudan Mission had the pleasure of a visit from her in 1925. She is an aunt of Miss Ida Whiteside, of our mission in Egypt.

Rev. G. Hoover is a Methodist minister, who had been teaching in the Junior High School in North Jackson, Ohio, for three years. In 1925-1926 he took "movie" pictures of dif-

ferent peoples and scenes in the Sudan.

Dr. Boyd is the Agency Secretary for the American Bible Society, and and is located in Cairo. Previous to taking up this work, in which he has shown remarkable ability, he was professor of Old Testament Literature in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey. He visited us in the winter of 1926.

Mr. J. A. Miller is a United Presbyterian from Indiana, Pa. He and Mrs. Miller visited the Sudan Mission late in 1925, and then went on to Abyssinia and India. Their generosity in supporting the work is well known to many missionaries.

Through A Tourist's Eyes

By Mrs. Wm. C. Atwater

My Dear Mrs. Oyler:

And so you want me to tell you about that trip that my husband and I took to the Sudan in 1924 and you ask me to tell about it as if you were an entire stranger to the country?

Will had always wanted to go to Khartoum. He was a young fellow in college when he read about General Gordon and his wonderful courage in holding out against the fanatical Mahdi and his followers. Finally Gordon, himself a deeply religious man, was killed in the palace in Khartoum, and the city was destroyed. Later on the English took Omdurman, and the slave trade in the Sudan came to an end. Our hero, General Gordon, was sculptured in bronze, on a camel, and placed high on a pedestal in the new city of Khartoum, and we set out to see it.

We didn't propose to stop there, however. Many tourists go to Cairo and the first cataract, some go to the second cataract, but very few go beyond. Once in Khartoum it would be an interesting trip we thought, to take a government steamer and go up the White Nile to the end of the run, or to Rejaf, which is the head of navigation on the river, and it is eleven hundred and ninety-six miles, south of Khartoum as Baedeker says. We would nearly touch the equator, we thought, see some big game, and get close to the heart of Africa and its interesting tribes of natives who are very infrequently visited by any white folk except missionaries and British officers.

January fifth we sailed from New York on a cold, cloudy day, in the *S. S. Patria,* and for nine more cloudy, and mostly cold, rough days we sailed on the Atlantic till we came to Madeira where we spent a charming day. We carried back to the ship memories of a sunshiny, beautifully foreign city set on a hill, gardens filled with flowers, bedecked bullock carts that travelled slowly enough so that one could get his fill of the lovely views. The natives smiled and bowed to us, and the children shouted "good-bye" in English. Everybody seemed happy and bright, in keeping with the day and place. Two more cloudy days sailing brought us to Algiers, where after a slight shower the sun came out and

lighted up the city of white houses set on a steep hillside, a wonderful chance to take snapshots. Natives came alongside with boats heaped with oranges, making a very pretty picture. Ashore, the native quarter was a most unique place to visit, and we could forget the odors, being wholly absorbed in the Oriental and picturesque aspect of this near East city.

were an Egyptian, and had to live in as dry country as their land seemed to be when we were there. Another stop was made at Naples where we had a most glorious view of the bay and Old Vesuvius, smoking at sunset. Then on we went, passing Stromboli in the light of a full moon.

At Alexandria, on January 25th, we left the *Patria*, saying goodbye to a lot of nice people we had met,

Mr. Atwater, Mrs. Atwater, Lieut. Taylor, Captain Wrightston, British big game hunters. Taken on board the "Ghedia"—White Nile

On January 20th we anchored at Palermo, went ashore, and visited the wonderful cathedral at Monreal, and we also saw the Royal Chapel. Both were resplendent with glittering mosaic. That evening going back to our ship we were drenched with rain, the last we saw for three months. Those happy Sicilians and Italians would be sorely envied if I

among them a young missionary couple, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie, who were going out to India; and a Dr. and Mrs. Nute, who were going to Turkey to spend the rest of their lives. Going through the customs at Alexandria was a most noisy experience, but perhaps it would not have seemed so noisy could I have understood what was said.

That same day found us at Cairo, where we sat on the terrace of the famous Shepherd's hotel, and "saw the world go by." Here we saw the dragomen who lie in wait for the tourist, and who wear their long, colorful coats and silk shirts which make one wonder how they keep them clean when they are so long, almost sweeping the ground. Venders of canes and scarabs were plentiful, and also those who sold "antikas"—a constant procession of people, the like of which we had never seen anywhere else. The sunshine warmed us, and we were thankful. The night air, however, was chilly, and we shivered and pitied the poor Egyptian and Arab who had no cloak to wrap around him. To me, it was pitiful to see so many dirty, and apparently homeless people who sat about waiting, always waiting—and I wondered what for.

The mud villages, also, were very cheerless looking places, and the flies were dreadful. The venders of fly-chasers do a thriving business among the tourists, for one must be armed in his visits to the temples and the tombs, and in fact everywhere in Egypt. The wretched condition of so many of the poorer class quite overpowered my appreciation of the greatness of former civilization which must have existed in this country centuries ago. I failed to see any "charm" in the desert, and as for those wonderful sights the poets and artists rave about they are the emanation from a dead past. What a horrible place the Valley of the Kings is, in Luxor! The confusion of Egypt, as foretold by Isaiah, must have centered there!

I was glad to get away from Luxor and to see Assuan, and something constructive. The dam was wonderful to behold, and the strip of green along the river from Shellal to Wadi Halfa was refreshing. At the latter place we took a train and rode over the desert to Khartoum. We travelled very comfortably for twenty-six hours, and then found very pleasant quarters at the Grand Hotel on the banks of the Blue Nile. We encountered more and more of the real Sudanese people every day, and they were a happier and a cleaner-looking lot—a "good sort" the English might say. And certainly, owing to the English, they were living at peace with their neighbors, and no longer afraid of slavery.

The country being warm, and comparatively dry, the necessity for fuel and substantial, well-built houses is not felt so much by the natives, and consequently they use mud in building the walls. In the Southern Sudan, if the rain should reduce the houses to mud again they could easily be rebuilt, with little expenditure of time or money. South of Khartoum the natives know very little, if anything, about furniture, and instead of using chairs they squat on the ground. They know nothing about pillows, but some do use props of wood for pillows. I suppose the young men we saw with the wondrous hair arrangement affected pillows of this sort. Food in no great variety, requires very little preparation according to our standards of living, and gourds serve as dishes. Life is very simple in these parts, and only becomes complex as people come in contact with civilization.

From Khartoum to Rejaf we travelled in a little steamer which makes a monthly trip. It was a stern-wheeler, burns wood, and carries first class passengers, while the second and third class folks travel on barges which are shoved along with other barges which carry freight, and also a post office. About half way up the river from Khartoum, at a place called Doleib Hill, a missionary family came on board. They were on their way to the Belgian Congo to attend a language conference. They were Americans, and we soon became acquainted. Later on we picked up an English missionary, the Rev. Arch-deacon Shaw, and these missionary friends gave us much information regarding the people, their customs, etc. We noticed all along the way that where ever the influence of the missionary or British official was felt the natives wore a simple uniform or two piece garment.

Most of the natives, however, who appeared at the wood stations wore very primitive coverings, if any. The men seem to pay more attention to adornment than the women. They decorated their heads with feathers and beads, and had most fantastic hair arrangements. Their arms, necks, and ankles, were profusely adorned with beads, brass, or bands of palm leaves. Some of the women wore simple slip-on dresses, some wore a piece of thin, dark colored cloth draped about them as the East India women do, some wore skins of animals around the shoulders and hips, and some of the younger women wore fringes of leather about the waist, and their hair was cut very close. The White Nile people all seemed very tall and slender and straight. Some of the women had their backs scarred in elaborate designs, while the men wore these beauty marks on their faces and foreheads.

Even though their garments were scant they didn't seem unclothed because their skin was so dark that it gave them a well-groomed appearance. They were invariably good-natured and happy looking. Even the prisoners, who in some places came aboard, looked happy even though they were carrying loads and had chains on their legs. As I looked at these black people standing on the shore I often wondered what was in their minds as they gazed at us. Of our seven passengers going up the White Nile three were big game hunters. One of them, a retired English navy captain kept his eyes glued to his field glasses and when he shouted "crocs" or "hippos" we all caught up our glasses and began counting the number in sight.

One day he shot a big crocodile, measuring thirteen feet and four inches, and the accommodating captain of the steamer stopped the boat long enough so that we could go ashore where the huge creature lay. While we were on that mud bank a native dug into it and found a nest of crocodile eggs, which we promptly robbed. Some of us who had eaten turtle eggs were ambitious to eat a "croc" egg, and found to our surprise that it was very good, and not at all like an ordinary hen's egg, except in size. It was a very great improvement over the turtle eggs which are granular and fishy. The next morn-

ing, at breakfast, several of the passengers refused to eat anything made of eggs, evidently not trusting the cook. At noon, some of us ate "croc" steak, which aside from being a little tough was very white, and tasted like frog's legs. There were other new things we tasted on that trip, some being more tasty than others, crane soup, guineas en casserole, Nile fish and sand grouse, The rabbits and quail some of the passengers bagged at the wood-stations were a welcome change from the chickens and sheep we carried on board, and slaughtered as needed. Having no ice at all we ate fresh meat and a small variety of vegetables sold to us by the natives.

Yes, we drank the Nile water. Here in America we drink river water, why not in the Sudan? The water is cooled in jars made of clay, and of the same form and shape as those of centuries ago. I am sorry that I did not bring one back with me. As it was we brought back seven more pieces of baggage than we started with, and the customs officials knowing where we came from, did not harass us as to the contents!

Returning from Rejaf we had a larger passenger list, quite an interesting international affair—an Italian couple interested in Catholic Missions, of which we saw several; an English D. C. with his wife, who had driven an ambulance on the Russian front during the war; an Austrian irrigation official who had long lived in the Sudan; a Belgian doctor from the Congo who was going home on leave; a young Scotchman with his companion, a young Anglicized Russian, who had come over the trail on foot from Lake Megadi, who were going home by way of the Nile instead of taking ship for England from Mombasa, as is usually done. Then there were two Englishmen we picked up shortly after leaving Rejaf and they proved to be the son, and grand-son, of the great painter, Sir John Millais. They had been hunting the giant eland, and were artists as well as naturalists and hunters. They were kind enough to show us their sketch books, full of interesting and beautiful pictures. They had been inland, and related some thrilling experiences.

Our trip, however, was confined to the river itself, and we saw only the villages along the banks. It is impossible for me to describe the many, many birds we saw on the trip, and it would take many a sheet of writing material to tell about the shops of Omdurman, the many different tribes of people we saw along the river, and in the three cities—Khartoum, Khartoum North, and Omdurman. I will not weary you either with an account of my visit to different missions, nor the enjoyment we had conversing with different missionaries. Suffice it to say, folks who do not believe in missions had better not mention the fact in my hearing!

"Ah, the land of the rustling of wings,
Which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia;
That sendeth ambassadors by the sea.
Even in vessels of papyrus upon the waters."
—Isaiah 18:2

Fourteen Short Days

By Cloyce Huston

SOME fine morning when you awake and find that the travel bug has given you a hearty bite, take the early train from the home town in Oregon, Iowa or Vermont, for New York, and then find a good, steady-going steamer that will take you across the Atlantic, elbow its way through the Strait of Gibraltar, and finally land you safely at Alexandria, Egypt. Once there you will find little difficulty in making the acquaintance of Father Nile, twin brother to old Father Time, himself. Make your self right at home with the old chap, consign yourself to his aged bosom, and then keep going southward for days, and days, and DAYS.

Just about the time you begin to tell yourself that you are settting a pretty stiff example for future South Pole expeditions (but are actually still nine degrees this side of the equator) turn up Abyssinia way on the Sobat river. When you have gone six or seven miles you will stop; you will stop if for no other reason than that you will see an unmistakably American windmill on the bank. This windmill is shepherd of a whole flock of Doleib palms—which give the name to Doleib Hill, and Doleib Hill is one of the homes of the American Mission.

You will have travelled eight thousand miles in something like thirty-five days: and you will have been sea-sick, tired, hot and dusty, but the missionaries have ways of making you forget all this once you have reached Doleib Hill. I have spent a fortnight there as a casual traveller, chiefly concerned in finding some good hunting and I sieze upon this opportunity of recording some of my impressions.

There remains in my mind no question of the missionary character of the work at Doleib Hill. It is self-sacrificing, generous, conscientious, sympathetic, thorough, Christ-like. There is the little brick, thatch-covered church where the natives gather every Sabbath morning to hear the strange story the white man has to tell, to take a part in the singing of the Psalms, and to hear the White Man supplicate his God for the common good of all, both black and white. Then there is the frequent long walk through the near-by villages where groups of naked blacks come to answer questions on the preceding talk, to hear another story from the Bible, and to bow their heads as the white man prays. And finally there are the countless little influences that tend to create a truly religious atmosphere; Bible and singing classes for men and women, help and advice for all in times of trouble, justice in settling disputes, and always before them the Christian example of industry and thrift and right living.

Mohammedanism does not stand very much in the way of Christianity here, but indifference, callousness, and a deep distrust of what the people from far away have to offer them, a distrust born of previous sad experience. Others have come to them with other religions and promises of uplift, but they have come to a sad end—why should they now rely over-

much on those who bring the Bible and the story of Christ? Yet they have gradually come to show deep respect for the mission, coming to it for help, and ultimately in many cases, believing.

One of the most tangible and practical results is derived from the clinic. Here the sick may come to have their wounds dressed, to receive medicines for their ills, finding that phials and bottles may often contain more potent influences for good than the greatest of their witch doctors. Such service wins confidence, supplies a definite need, and constitutes a very real factor in missionary work for the pagan savage can appreciate ministration to the physical being far more readily than the spiritual.

I have said that big game shooting was the primary factor in enticing me as far as possible from ice cream and creased trousers, so a paragraph about the sport of the country may not come amiss. One does not go the theater or opera house here, nor does one attend recitals, stroll through the park or play tennis. But one does go to the ZOO —well-armed. It is a rather large zoo, and all of the animals, even the dangerous ones, seem somehow to have been recklessly uncaged while the keepers are off on a perpetual holiday.

At Doleib Hill a hunting party arises to breakfast before dawn, just as the native guides and carriers gather outside the door and sit silently awaiting the start. The hunter's garb consists of a number of articles, and two of these are a sun-helmet and a pair of heavy boots. He may perhaps put a revolver and a knife in his belt, or sling a field glass over his shoulder, at his own discretion. As we start out the remainder of the equipment is distributed among the carriers: guns, usually a heavy game rifle for the larger animals, two or three lighter ones, and a shot gun or two, with ammunition for each: and also a half a dozen or so canteens of water, and whatever else may be required for the particular trip in the way of cameras, lunch baskets, hatchets and the like. Then the start is made, first crossing the Sobat river and perhaps going a few miles upstream in a native dug-out canoe that leaves several dozen things to be desired in the way of civilized comfort: and then we strike inland toward the bush and timber country. Passing through the villages the party invariably picks up additional carriers and gun-bearers who are tempted by the prospect of meat, and can usually give helpful information as to the places game has most recently been seen.

And now the loud talking is hushed, guns are loaded, and alert eyes begin scanning the brush and distant grass plains in every direction. Then a speck is seen near the timber line. Is it a stump or a bush? No, it is moving. The lot falls to Mr. Amateur Hunter, and he follows his gun-bearer while the others drop behind. The animal raises its head, showing its horns to advantage, becomes alarmed, then bounds away after a moment's startled pause. But the hunter follows as the animal stops, and approaches crouchingly under cover of a scraggly bush. Finally, just as the animal is snorting,

preparatory to a second run, he takes a long shot—and misses. Then he returns to the party and is told that his animal was a magnificent tiang, that he had not adjusted his sights to the long range, that his glistening white sun helmet had frightened the animal, that he should have dropped to his knees to steady his aim, that he should have circled to the right under cover of the timber, and that he would probably have better luck the next time.

But a kill is ultimately made, the animal is skinned, and the meat cut up. Before going on the natives roast a few strips of the meat over a camp fire, and this meat proves extremely delicious in the middle of a long tramp over rough ground and through mud and water that is often ankle-deep. Then there is the long, long tramp home, perhaps an occasional shot at stray game, a poisonous snake is killed, a welcome ride in the dug-out (which does not seem nearly so uncomfortable this time) a bath, and an excellent dinner, and at last sweet dreams of more game on the morrow.

As to the kinds of game, one finds great numbers of tiang, and gazelle, fewer reed-bucks, water-buck, bush-buck and roan antelope, an occasional hyena or perhaps a leopard, and numerous birds such as bustard, guinea fowl, crested crane, and in the proper season great flocks of ducks and geese. One sees lion tracks and hears beasts roaring in the night, but is usually lucky (or unlucky?) enough not to encounter them in a daylight tramp. In the river are crocodiles, and an occasional hippopotamus, and for the rod and line enthusiast, fish that sometimes run well over two hundred pounds! Elephant, buffalo, ostrich, giraffe—these

1. A crested crane.
2. A shoe-billed stork, which some of you may see in the New York Zoo.
Dr. Oyler secured special permission to have a native capture this bird, and the zoo sent a man all the way from America to take care of it on the way home. By the time this rare bird finally reaches the Zoo it will cost the directors at least $1000.

are rare, but many natives can be found who can tell stories of an encounter with them at one time or another, in this neighborhood.

Almost tantamout to the interest I found in sport was that of numerous little incidents which were very novel and strange to me, and yet typical of the normal life of the country. I might mention a near-war which interrupted our breakfast one morning. A report came to the door that the war-cry had been given and that all the able-bodied men were rushing to the scene of the battle. Looking out through the windows we could see all the workmen leaving the compound to join their fellows at their respective villages. Within less time than it takes to tell the story there was not a fighting man on the compound, no workers, no carriers for the day's hunt—only two little kitchen boys too young to join the fray.

Hastily finishing breakfast, two or three of us climbed the windmill and behold—there spread out before us was a battle field, on the opposite side of which the opposing forces were rapidly gathering and forming lines. The war-cry was being given again and again, men were streaming onto the plain from all directions, further up the river other forces were being ferried across on small ambatch rafts which were rowed by small boys, spears gleamed in the sunlight and great shields of hippotamus hide magnified the size of the running warriors, women were collecting back of the lines to carry away the wounded as they fell, and we on the windmill stood and watched, helpless to take part.

But presently the lines hesitated, stopped, and finally broke. Men who had been running now walked, for a moment all were uncertain, then the lines on both sides began to gradually move toward their own villages. We learned later that a man had been mistakenly ambushed, the attackers thinking that he came from a village of the enemy, whereas he was really from one of the friendly villages. There are several fueds on, and blood may be shed at any moment if some one is so unwise as to go too near an unfriendly village. We constantly experienced difficulty in securing guides and carriers to go with us to certain places because they dared not go too near certain villages on one side or another of the river. Fortunately, however, no serious incidents of a war-like nature occured while we were at Doleib Hill.

An amusing sequel to this near-war came some days later. I had just stretched a skin on a frame for curing, and had four or five men at work scraping off bits of meat that remained. Suddenly one of them gave a little ejaculation, and all paused an instant. Then rapidly, and without a word, each man threw down his knife, picked up his spears, and was off on the run. Within two seconds of the first alarm I was left entirely alone with the half-finished skin. Presently they returned, with a half-amused, half-sheepish grin on their faces. I learned later that some one in the house had put Tosti's "Good-bye" on the phonograph, and just as the soloist sang the long, high note, the natives thought they had heard the war-cry! I was glad they did not have a war on at the moment.

because I was anxious to get the skin finished before dark, and did not want to be interrupted by war.

Scarcely less interesting was a dance which was held in mourning the death of a woman in the village across the river from the mission. We had heard drums and shouting the previous day, and decided that we would see what was taking place. They were just mudding over the grave when we arrived, and both men and women were dancing wildly and frantically about it in circles, and preparations were being made for the sacrificial offering. A young steer was led to the edge of the village, and the men followed it hurling a steady rain of spears at the beast until it slowed down, swayed, and fell. Its going out signified the departure of death from the village; had it turned back it would have meant that yet another death would occur. One carries a shining pistol in one's pocket, a softly ticking timepiece in one's pocket, and a perfected camera thrown over one's shoulder, yet sees naked blacks throwing spears at a steer as a means of keeping death out of a village of grass huts. And one wonders.

Concerning the people themselves it is difficult for one who has only known them for a fortnight to say much. On the surface they are just big, good natured children. Tall, stately, straight of limb, the beauty of their lean figures little marred by clothing, they are highly admirable combinations of bone and flesh. With every thing from empty cartridge shells to spoons for ornaments and decoration, and with coiffuers done in great varieties of shapes and styles and colors, made by brick dust plasters and other devices, they are sometimes striking, sometimes handsome, and sometimes comical. They live in clusters of little, round huts of mud and thatch, raise a little kaffir corn and tobacco, herd a few sheep and goats and cattle, and spear fish along the river bank. They have their own conception of right and wrong, their own unwritten laws, their own social scales, habits, customs, pleasures, thoughts, desires—things which you and I can guess at without a long and intimate acquaintance with them.

If you were to have only one glimpse of this country from the steamer you would probably see the following picture—low-lying, level country, covered in the rainy season with high grass and an occasional bush, reaching inland a number of miles to a low timber line; little clusters of small, round huts; little children quite naked, almost nude men each carrying two or three spears, and women moving about or sitting by their huts; an occasional patch of kaffir corn, or a smaller one of tobacco; a long, slender dug-out canoe slipping along close to the bank; two or three men jabbing their spears into the grass and water at the river's edge, trying to catch fish; and there just ahead a large flock of ducks flying in alarm at the approach of the boat, while the less timid heron gazes uncertainly at the intruding monster.

And now I must say what every one else has said who has written about the Sudan—that it is a land of promise. True, the golden apples are

not waiting to be shaken off the tree, but the Sudan is not incapable of growing those golden apples in time. Give the Sudan proper drainage and irrigation systems, and by some magic make the people into a thrifty and intelligent agricultural folk, and you will have added another granary to the world. And it is my belief that all of these things will be done in a surprisingly short period of time—in fact they are now being done on a small scale.

I shall say little, because I could never say enough in appreciation of the kindness which I received from the Doleib Hill mission people, and from those in Khartoum—kindness which I am sure greets every traveller whose happy lot it is to stop there. They apparently have somewhere in their hearts a tabulated list of all the little attentions, comforts and make-you-feel-at-home details of accommodation that cause one to rejoice in his having wandered so far away from home. They will allow you to carry away nothing but pleasant memories of the American Mission in the Sudan.

A Wish and Its Fulfillment

By Mrs. Grace Whiteside

IT is a far cry from the little Whiteside chapel, nestled among the verdant hills of eastern New York, to the American Missionary station under the stately doleib palms, on the Sobat river in the Southern Sudan. And yet is was in this little chapel, more than twenty years ago, that I first heard of this new missionary outpost in the heart of Africa.

Dr. John C. Scott, of blessed memory, was then our pastor, and he so enthused my Sabbath School girls that their missionary contributions, by their own request, went to this far-away place among the tribe which had once been the prey of slave raiders.

Since then I can not recall having heard any one speak of Doleib Hill. I had never seen any one who had been there, least of all did I ever expect to be there—but wonder of wonders, I spent two delightful weeks there during the winter of 1925. It came about in this wise: Dr. and Mrs. Oyler were visiting in Luxor, where I was spending the winter; they invited me to go along with them, and we made the twelve days' journey south together with pleasure and profit to at least one member of the party.

The very worst part of the long trip is at its beginning: the seven hours from Luxor, Egypt, to Assuan, are certainly a weariness to the flesh —a narrow guage road, queer little cars, dust and heat. An incident occurred coming back over this same road, that impressed itself on my mind. A great commotion suddenly arose, the guards blew their shrill whistles, men rushed from car to car, the smell of burning wood was very strong, and yet the train went on, and on, and on. We thought it must be the diner which was on fire, since the smell came from the front of the

train, but it proved to be the luggage van, which is immediately behind the engine. There is no bell rope, as in America, hence no way of communicating with the engineer, who in this case went merrily on his way, utterly oblivious of the burning van just behind him. Finally, rounding a curve, he discovered it, the luggage was hastily removed, and the car soon burned to ashes. I couldn't see why any, or all, of the cars shouldn't burn up with the passengers in them, before the train could be stopped. That and the fact that the train has no headlight at night, makes me wonder if their system is the safest in the world. However none of us have burned up yet!

Assuan has rightly been called "The Gate-way of the Sudan." The Nile valley, which in Egypt is wide and fertile, is merely a narrow strip of yellow sand with great, black granite boulders, separating it from the desert. The river is dotted with small, rocky islands, and the first cataract is just beyond Assuan. Above the great dam the river widens into a great lake one hundred and twenty miles long—and into its placid beauty sailed our good boat, *"The Sudan,"* one February evening, just as the sky was ablaze with the glory of the sunset sky. Slowly the light faded, soft purple shadows closed around us, the silvery radiance of the moon was reflected in the quiet water. Surely no river was ever more beautiful than the Nile.

The Sudan government boats are small, but exceedingly comfortable and well-equipped, and its railway trains are really *de luxe*, as they wend their way for six hundred miles across the Nubian desert from Wadi Halfa to Khartoum. General Kitchener was more than ten years building this road connecting the Sudan with the outside world, and making possible the overthrow of the fanatical reign of terror.

The desert has its own strange, barbaric beauty, shimmering yellow sand, a burning sky overhead, the silent caravan of camels—the only thing that gives life to the horizon; and mirages of water, with trees reflected in them, changing in shape and position, always beyond, never to be quite reached. One can quite believe the tales of travellers, weak and thirsty, lured on to death by the water they see but can not reach.

Khartoum, Khartoum North, and Omdurman are three large cities separated by the Nile. At Khartoum North is a large school for girls which is under the supervision of Miss Grove. Miss Herron is in charge of the kindergarten, and a brighter, more interesting bunch of little tots would be hard to find. The older girls do the beautiful Sudanese embroidery. Miss MacKenzie and Miss McKnight have their own little house on the compound. Miss McKnight took me with her on her round of giving Bible lessons to the women in Khartoum. Miss Coie and Miss Denny have the same work in Omdurman, and Miss MacKenzie teaches women in Khartum North. Miss Turk has charge of the housekeeping in the Girls' Boarding School, and Miss Wilson helps in the school work. Dr. Sowash has a fine English house in Omdurman—tea was served out on the lawn, with real grass,

shaded by big trees. The boys' schools are under the care of Mr. Reed.

We were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Giffen in their Boys' school. Boys from many provinces are receiving a Christian education in this school. Who can tell how far-reaching their influence may be as they go back to their native villages? An English government official told me that there were two men known all over the Sudan—one was Bishop Gwynne of the English church, and the other was Dr. Kelly Giffen of the American Mission. The experimental farm out at Gereife is in charge of Mr. and Mrs. McNight. They have a school for older boys, who are being taught agriculture, an attempt to bring about better living conditions among the tribes.

It is an eight day trip on the Nile from Khartoum to Doleib Hill. Life on the upper Nile is certainly interesting. The boat itself is only for first class passengers. Freight, second and third class passengers are on the barges along side, often four or five of them. On one side will be a coal barge, and in one end will be hens, turkeys and maybe a sheep or two. It is quite like having your own farmyard along when the roosters crow, and the turkeys gobble. Presently they seem to be no more and you have the uncomfortable feeling you have eaten them up. A barge will be added in the night, and the next morning a whole native village seems to have set up house-keeping just outside your cabin door, with all their earthly possessions, including goats and other animals. As the barges are open, they have no privacy, but they do not seem to mind it.

There are trading and military posts all the way up the river, and many native houses consisting of mud walls and thatched roofs. They look like big hay stacks. The natives appear along the bank as the boat passes, many of them picturesque in their dress and poses; some of them hideous. They are straight and lithe, and carry themselves like kings. Each tribe has its own territory. Only the Shulla tribe has a king, but they all have some form of tribal government.

Doleib Hill is in the land of the Shullas. It is the most beautiful place on the river. Stately doleib palms give it its name. The mission owns two hundred acres, fifteen of which are under cultivation, and are occupied by the mission buildings. They have many lemon and orange trees, besides other tropical fruit trees, two fine vegetable gardens, a herd of cows, a large number of hogs, two donkeys and an Abyssinian mule. There are four dwelling houses, two of which have been built by the New World Movement Fund. They are made of burned brick, made on the premises. The house in which Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie lived, is made of cement blocks. The church is very plain, but is adapted to the needs of the people. Then there are the clinic, the store, and various barns.

Each morning at sunrise a prayer meeting is held for the workmen, and at ten o'clock a meeting is held for the patients. On Sabbath days services are held in the nearby villages, and at eleven o'clock a service

is held in the church. This is preceded by Sabbath School.

One thing that impressed me, even though I could not understand a word of the language, was the reverent attitude of the natives at all the services, and the lusty way in which they sing the Psalms, some of which have been set to native tunes. The church looks like an arsenal outside, because all spears are left at the door, but inside it is full of men and women, listening intently to the preaching.

Mr. Miller had charge of the boys' school. The natives are beginning to realize the value of an education, and in time the school will be more and more a factor for the uplift of the Shullas.

Meetings are held each week in the villages, especially for the women and children. A girls' meeting, a women's meeting, a meeting for baptized Christians and those who are asking for baptism, and a teacher training class are held on the compound, on different afternoons. Thus, little by little, their lives are being influenced by Christian principles as taught, and lived by their teachers. There is much to encourage in this work. The great need is more workers.

My two weeks passed quickly at Doleib Hill. Each evening we went out on the river in a little row boat. Sometimes we did not go very far, but it gave us a change. I do hope ere long Doleib Hill will have its own launch. It will be of great use in all departments of the work, and it will also provide a means of having a little recreation. Imagine working weeks and months with never a lecture, a concert, a trip to market, or a chat with friends, maybe not the sight of another white person except those of your fellow workers. Would you not look forward to an outing each evening, at the end of a busy day? Or would you not welcome an occasional picnic supper to relieve the monotony of the compound routine? All work and no play brings a weariness of the body and mind that tends to turn the most congenial task into monotony.

One morning at breakfast the whistle of the *"Omdurman"* as it neared the landing caused me to pack my bag in a hurry, and say "goodbye" to my friends. On the boat I found twelve Americans—a most unusual occurrence—as tourists very seldom go that far. Four of these had come up from Cape Town. They were from San Diego, California. Six were Bostonians. The men of this party had been shooting big game. They had two baby lions which they were taking home to a zoo.

At Khartoum I found decorations up in honor of the Duke and Duchess of York, who were to remain over for a day or two, on their trip across Africa. Invitations to a formal dinner given them at the Palace, had been received by Dr. and Mrs. Giffen, the senior members of the American Mission in the Sudan.

I wish many more of my country women might take this truly interesting trip, and meet the members of the mission. My only regret is that I did not see the work at Nasser. I certainly recommend this trip to you as a winter journey which you will never regret having taken.

READY FOR VISITORS, NASSER DR. MAXWELL'S RESIDENCE IN THE BACK GROUND

One fourth of the teacher's training class at Doleib Hill. While the film was sent to Khartoum to be developed and then on to Egypt to be enlarged the class grew to four times the number you see in the picture. Is there any other teacher training class in the United Presbyterian church which can report a similar number of regular members. The third from the right is President, or "chief" of the class. The first in back row at the left is a boy who conducts four village Sabbath Schools. He comes to the mission every Saturday afternoon for a vocal lesson. His voice is strong and deep and his ambition is to become a "chief" of singing.

A Stranger's Trail

By Rev. G. S. Hoover

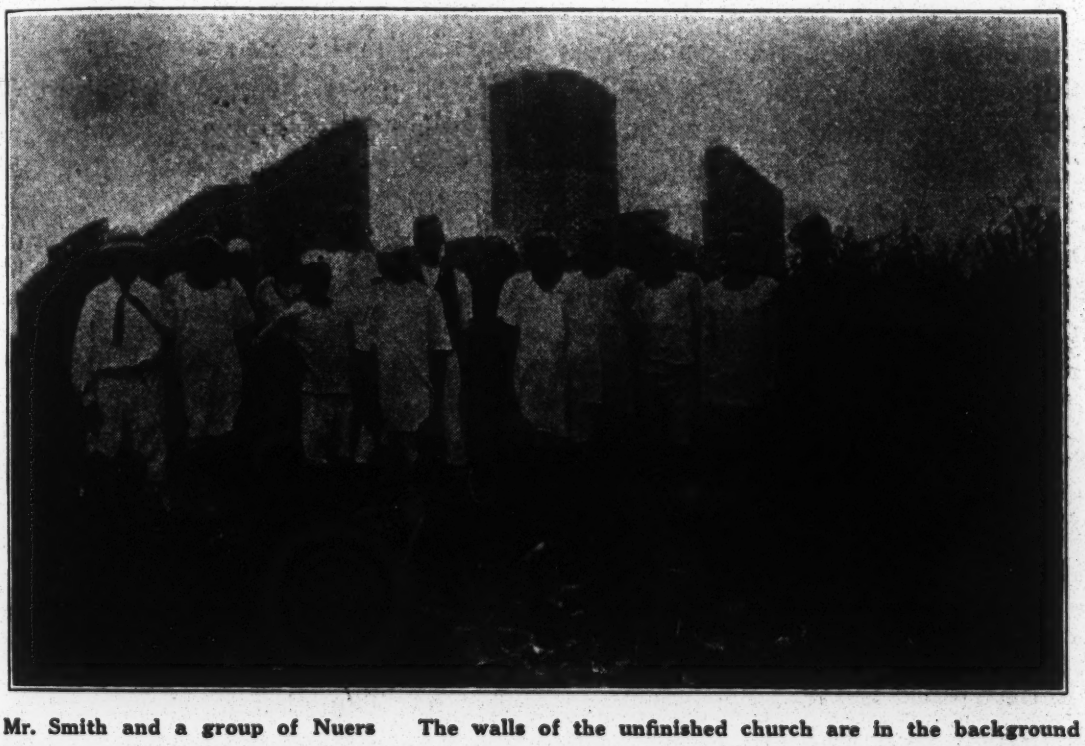
IT has been my privilege to spend a number of months observing the work of your mission in the Sudan, and I wish to say that even though I was a stranger they took me in, and made me feel at home. I am sending you a short account of some of my observations.

England's wise leadership, far-seeing statesmanship, shrewd patience and tolerant good humor are doing much to reduce the country to peace and quiet, and to increase the productions of kaffir corn, cotton, etc. so that there may be not only enough for all the inhabitants but there may also be heavier and heavier exports of these articles.

What can be said of the mission work? Does it help the Sudanese to go ahead? Is it keeping them from slipping back?

The Nasser sunrise bell says six o'clock. The White Man is shortly in the *dwildohr*, or house of writing. They call him "Jugliet," for a sturdy ox of a certain color, which tells me that cattle have been worshipped in more places than Egypt.

In stream the two score or more workers of the compound. They sing Jesus songs. Keem prays, a good, earnest, fluent, straight-from-the-heart prayer. Two of the boys tell in turn, in Nuer and Anuak, the story of the impotent man at the pool. Yesterday in the preaching service two other boys told it, and then Jugliet explained it. Tomorrow two other boys will tell it, and thus they learn, through repetition. Good psychology, that. Repetition, and then more repetition, stories told fluently in native idiom, not haltingly



Mr. Smith and a group of Nuers The walls of the unfinished church are in the background

to four times the number you see in the picture. Is there any other teacher training class in the Sudan? The boy who conducts four village Sabbath regular members. The third from the right is President, or "chief" of the class. The first in back row at the left is a boy who conducts four village Sabbath Schools. He comes to the mission every Saturday afternoon for a vocal lesson. His voice is strong and deep and his ambition is to become a "chief" of singing.

by folks from across the sea. Leaders and preachers are being trained. These young men who tell these stories are in honor, which means growth. They are in the place of responsibility. More growth. They will the better remember the story for having learned it well enough to tell it.

All of the younger ones of the workers are in school part of the forenoon, each for half an hour or more. A nine year old boy is teaching a girl, one year his junior. The pupil carefully writes the consonants on the board, in a straight line from top to bottom. Then she pronounces —"bu, um, tu, ku, ju, ul—." The white teacher moves about in supervision, reviewing, correcting, suggesting. Here again is the most advanced type of education in vogue today, anywhere in the world. Individual instruction acts as favorably here as it does any where else.

"Dwalne be Kwot." "Fear the Lord." They are learning an intelligent fear, the only fear that must be allowed to stalk the earth. All other fears are giving way to faith. This one is legitimate. This fear which the Book teaches is THE FEAR OF THE BROKEN LAW.

A fifteen year old lad in a clean white suit, and a clean white cap, sits writing in the clinic after the sick folks are all cared for. Hour after hour he reads and writes. For two years he has helped the kindly and deft nurses in this happy form of ministry for the Master. How many pain-racked bodies have been won back to health by the doctor! How many timid women and girls, and scared-to-death kiddies have been won from fear to faith by the gentle winsomeness of the nurses! And always this lad reads and writes and writes. The lad will be a medicine man some day, let us hope. Not a medicine man, let us pray, who will work upon the fear and ignorance of his folk as does that hard-faced witch doctor who was in church on Sabbath day.

It is 4:30 p. m. on Sabbath. The bell rings for the song service. How the people sing! Get awake some morning at 6:15. Wide awake enough to hear them, three hundred yards across the compound in the house of learning which also serves as a House of God until the new House of God is finished. The sweet, shrill treble of the boys and girls soars high above the other voices.

And now come with me to Doleib Hill. Let us ask this lithe Shulla about the fight. The tall, graceful fellow grins shame-facedly. There's been a mistake, as his cracked head, well-bandaged, would indicate. A dance yesterday led to a nasty-tongued chap from one village paying too-long-continued compliments to men of another village. There were five hundred Shullas dancing or looking on. The men of the abused village could not stand the pressure. Clubs swung. Shields parried, sometimes. Sometimes they didn't.

Oh, no, spears were not used. It was just a friendly little tilt, a mild edition of a Wooster-Ohio gridiron melee. Yet a number of years ago a club fight got too warm, spears came into play, and a man from a nearby village was killed by some one from across the Sobat. Now folks from

the latter's village dare not come to church. Blood alone can pay for blood, life for life.

What is all this laughing chatter on the big north porch? It's the Wednesday afternoon girls' circle. Some of the girls are working on the compound, but a large percentage come in from the villages. The White Lady teaches them a story from the Book. And their minds are so full of getting married that it's hard work getting anything else into them. Yet they do absorb a little each day. And oh how they sing! There's a verve to it that amazes you. They enjoy the singing, so they get much of it. People learn easily when doing things they like. Tug-o'-war comes next. Much laughter and roasting of the losing team. Other games follow. They're keen for any deal that brings the soft rubber balls into use. One the size of a volley ball is the favorite. They're learning some rudimentary social essentials.

Next come the young men of the teachers' training class. Thirty-five are studying next Sabbath's lesson, under the keen direction of the White Lady. Next they sing. And how they sing! Many Sabbath School teachers mean small classes grouped according to mentality and grasp, hence efficiency in teaching. It means putting youth into the place of responsibility, honor, privilege, challenge, opportunity, growth. Again, here the native leadership is being developed which is essential in successful missionary work.

Here, too, at Doleib Hill, at sunrise six days a week, the workers assemble in a big hut, for prayers and teaching and singing. It pays to give the best of the day as of everything else to God.

The Sabbath School is over, it is the preaching hour, and the Shullas sing. They do well on our Yankee tunes, these hundred and fifty black men and women and girls and boys. Now they take your breath away by a burst of song that has all the stirring appeal of the Welshman's "Men of Harlech," or the majestic sweep of "Let There be Light" passage in Haydn's Creation. Now you are shaken by the tumultnous wildness of the storm in Pierne's "Children's Crusade" In amazing contrast comes the subdued peace as the man of God and the birds talk, in Pierne's "St. Francis."

There are serious difficulties. The women are backward. They are hard to reach. The witch doctors are powerful for ill.

Thank God they're coming. The preacher goes to their villages every Sabbath morning and afternoon, to give a short sermon, and a kindly urging, especially to the little folk to come to church. At Nasser the Christians do the same thing.

In the Northern Sudan are schools for boys at Khartoum, Port Sudan, Atbara, Omdurman, Khartum North and Gereif. Girls schools are going at Halfa and Khartoum North. Here more than twelve hundred are annually enrolled. Your farm at Gereif has tremendous potentialities. In the first place it represents loyal shoulder-to-shoulder work with the government, now strenuously attempting in every way possible to improve the agricultural output of

the Sudan, in quantity, variety, and quality. In the second place it is a hard-headed, business-like step into the bread and butter work of most of the people in the Sudan.

You are a partner in a big business deal. No, that is wrong. It is absolutely wrong. Your are a partner in the BIGGEST BUSINESS DEAL, and I take my hat off to you.

After Many Years of Waiting

By Rev. J. Oscar Boyd, D. D.

DOLEIB Hill at last! That was our one and only thought as we walked into the compound, greeted by barking dogs and "minding our step" to escape clotheslines and too affectionate branches. We had walked over in the moonlight from Taufikia, four and a half miles away on the White Nile where the steamboat "Omdurman" had deposited us, bag and baggage, on the bank. The Spanish host is reputed to be the most courteous host in the world because he meets his guest at the edge of his estate, and when he leaves, accompanies him to its edge again. But our good hosts from Doleib Hill far surpassed this record, since not only the host but hostess and The Boy (he deserves capitals) came to meet us, and that not just to the edge of the estate but to the landing place four and a half weary miles away: and twice four and a half is nine in the Sudan as well as in America—at least nine! For some of us that would be too high a standard of hospitality to begin a visit with—we should find it hard to live up to it till the end. But not so these hosts of Doleib Hill. Nine miles walk, or any other form of exertion, is none too much for them when it comes to making their guests feel at home and comfortable.

We had not walked alone. Nine men of the Shullas, with their spears gleaming in the moonlight, were our escort before and behind, and took turn and turn about in carrying the visitor's baggage on their heads. Once, when there was a halt and some unintelligible parley, it appeared that one of the men objected to carrying a heavy suitcast, not because it was heavy, but because it might spoil his freshly finished hair-dress. The next morning when we saw the nature of this hair-dress we did not wonder that he had fears for its survival of such treatment. A countless number of small globules of hair and mud, of a reddish brown color, lay all over the head like seeds in a seed pod, forming a sort of a cap which must be quite efficient as a protection from the fierce tropical sun. Other modes of dressing the hair are more often shown in photographs of these natives, probably because they furnish a more striking "sky-line," as it were, but there is not one of them that seems to the visitor at once so ornamental and so practical as the "globule" style.

The newest and best of the missionary residence which opened its hospitable doors to us (and promptly closed them again for fear of mos-

quitoes) is admirably planned for the nature of the country and the needs of its alien residents. For the Sudan is not a "white man's country" and never will be. Residence in it must be for every white man a more or less temporary makeshift, with all the devices that applied science can suggest to cheat the heat and the bacilli and the myriad things that crawl and sting. We are at only nine degrees latitude, if you please, so that when old Sol is farthest south as he is now in midwinter, he is almost as nearly overhead as he is in midsummer in our home latitudes. Broad verandas with low-hung roofs, large rooms, high ceilings, brick walls, and circulation from every side—these are the well proved devices for robbing the sun of his power, which we men of the North appreciate even in January inside the tenth degree. The Mission has builded wisely. It ought to pay dividends in the better health of the missionaries. The same may be said of the clean tile or cement floors, the careful screening of the whole circuit of the house, the mosquito proof doors: such care makes not only for comfort but also for immunity from disease bearing pests and poisonous reptiles and scorpions.

We had a Saturday to grow a bit accustomed to the native before we saw him *en masse* at church on Sabbath. That was just as well, for he is rather overpowering at first. Our chief surprise was that these natives do not all look alike, even to a newcomer. They have quite pronounced personalities. And they are a fine looking people, in spite of the mud and ashes and oil and feathers with which they adorn (?) their persons. Emphatically they make on one the impression of being "worth saving." Of course it is not hard to imagine introduction to them under circumstances much less favorable than our introduction through their loved and trusted missionaries: the "business end" of their spears would make a more forbidding greeting than the kindly greeting, "You bring God," which has met us on every hand.

It was interesting to watch the boys and girls paid off Saturday afternoon for their week's work about the place. They may be weak in the higher mathematics, but they had a clear notion of what was due them for work done, what they owed for food, what they had borrowed, and how much they wished to leave with the missionary as credit balance. I had my first notion of their counting, as I passed the piasters and half piasters into their black hands at the missionary's direction. And I was amused to find that the word for "good" in the Shulla language sounds like *deutsch* as the German uses it of himself and his language. Certainly Germans have the reputation of thinking that anything that is *deutsch* is good.

But the Sabbath services furnished the best opportunity to hear the language spoken and sung. This work at Doleib Hill is certainly being prosecuted in accordance with the methods most approved by science as well as by the collective experience of missions to "primitive" peoples. It is not trying to make American Christians out of the Shullas, but is leaving as far as possible untouched all those traits and customs which are

not in themselves reprehensible. It is even subsidizing peculiarly Shulla products for the Christian propaganda among them. So for example Mrs. Oyler has been able to pick up ten of the native melodies and to set them to words from the Psalms. As fifteen other Psalm versions have been set to foreign tunes it is possible to compare the two in their appeal and effectiveness. The result of this comparison is just what might be expected: the natives sing their own tunes with a vigor and evident enjoyment far surpassing the imported tunes, and the elements in them resembling *recitative* and *antiphone*, so far from detracting from the ideas in the Psalms, probably fit them better than our European canons of singing. It is entirely possible that just such devices as these were used in the temple praise of old Israel. And in general the sciences of Anthropology and Ethnology, which owe so much to modern missions, and yet have so often passed harsh judgments of the missionary for destroying valuable material from a purely scientific point of view, could have only praise for the conserving and appreciative attitude of these missionaries to the Shullas, who do not destroy things morally indifferent, nor account everthing un-American as sinful.

Sabbath School, was conducted by the natives themselves with decorum, black-skinned Christians instructing black-skinned pupils in the things of God. Then the formal church service was not too formal to have prayers by men from the audience, or questions from them to the speaker about his work of which he had been telling them: in thanking him their spokesman said, "We have not heard that talk before." Little as they can conceive of a great world-wide work of translation, publication and distribution such as the American Bible Society carries on, they were interested in the effort to spread to all men of all races the Book of God, which was meant for "every kindred and people and nation." And we were glad to have them know that now is being printed in the American Press at Beirut the Gospel of John, in their own Shulla tongue. May it not be very long till in every village there are those who can read to the rest, the Gospel, the Psalms, and all the blessed Word of God!

Imagine the superhuman—for it is superhuman—task of those who not only translate the Bible into a language which has never *before* been put into writing but who teach the people their own written language so that they may read the Bible,—people whose own tongue is a foreign tongue, when written. They must be taught to recognize the pencilled symbols of the sounds that come from their own mouths. A translation that cannot be read is a bridge that leads nowhere.

The native's own Book does not become his until he can read it—thus an extensive program of education is necessary before the work of giving the Bible to the people is complete.

—*The Voice and the Book*

Universal Bible Sunday--December 5, 1926

Following Up An Investment

By Mr. J. A. Miller

FROM the time of Adam down to the present men have been laying blame on women. I am no exception so I want to say your Sudan editor is to blame for this article. We came to Doleib Hill to send a few days and the very first evening she "bearded the lion in his den." I was told I was to write an article for the *Women's Missionary Magazine,* telling the story of my investment in Foreign Missions and how I followed it up. All protestations that writing was not in my line, all excuses that time would not permit, all begging to be let off, proved of no avail. So I bowed to the inevitable, as man always does when a woman issues a command.

For some years my wife and I had been saying, "Some day we hope to be able to assume the entire support of a missionary." I thing the arch-enemy of Foreign Missions, Satan himself, was tempting us to put it in that way. He was saying.to us, "That is a good resolve, It will be fine for you to do that, but of course you can not think of doing it just yet. Wait until you have more money—there are so many things you want to do and get for yourself first. You are contributing to the support of two or three missionaries. That is all you are able to do at the present time. Some time, perhaps you can do this, but not now." And so it went on and the time seemed no nearer than before, until one year we went to the New Wilmington Conference. While there our hearts were stirred within us as we listened to what God had wrought through His faithful servants on the field, and how the harvest was plenteous, indeed, but the laborers were so very, very few. Then we decided that we dare not put it off any longer, for while we were waiting men were dying, and dying without Christ.

We came from the New Wilmington Conference and challenged some of our young people, saying, "If you go, we will support you." But no one was quite ready just then, so we wrote to the Women's Board asking them to secure a missionary for us, and we would pledge her support for one term. It was some time before one was available, and in the meantime salaries had been advanced two hundred dollars a year. How were we going to manage that much additional? We did not know, but we were determined to keep our promise.

Then came a letter from the Foreign Secretary of the Women's Board, Mrs. Campbell, saying she had at last found a missionary for us, one whom they considered to be a "perfect jewel." She said the name of this young lady was Miss Blanche Soule, and she lived in Philadelphia. She was a registered nurse, and had been appointed to Nasser, Sudan. Would we like to have her? We wrote immediately to Mrs. Campbell saying we would be glad to have her. Thus began our first term of service together, Miss Soule at Nasser, ministering to the bodies and souls of the Nuers, and we in America, sav-

ing the money necessary to carry on the work.

Life seemed to take on a new interest from that day. There was more to work for, and somehow or other the Lord seemed to give me more power to get money for I know my business was blest as it never had been before. The Sudan which had hitherto been a vague, impossible sort of land, became a very real place, and of great importance, for had we not an investment there? "A jewel," Mrs. Campbell had assured us, but as time went on we became convinced we had a veritable "JEWEL MINE."

"Did the investment entail financial hardship?" you might ask. No. There has been no hardship about it. It is true we have had to forego some pleasures and do without some luxuries, but they are as nothing compared with the pleasure of having a missionary of our very own on the field.

"Was the investment a good one?" It has paid larger dividends than any other I have. The intensely interesting letters which Miss Soule has written and sent to us from time to time—how large a dividend is that? The consciousness of having in a greater degree than ever before obeyed the Master's command to send the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth—how large a dividend is that? The multitudes of poor, sick bodies which have been nursed back to health by Miss Soule—how large a dividend is that? The many sin-sick souls that have been brought into a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ through her instrumentality—how large a dividend is that? Would you, my friends, invest in something that pays dividends infinitely larger and more satisfying than mere dollars and cents? Then by all means INVEST IN A MISSIONARY. Nothing else can bring you better returns.

When once an investment has been made the investor naturally wishes to keep in close touch with it, and as often as possible investigate it personally. So we decided that as soon as the way was opened up we would go and visit our missionary. Five years passed before this could be done, but the time came when we set our house in order, and packed up our "old kit bag," and started.

As we had never been outside our own country, except to Canada, we were "innocents abroad." Every part of the trip was full of interest and enjoyment, although perhaps I had better make exception of a few hours on shipboard which were not exactly an unmixed pleasure to one of us! The strange countries through which we passed, with their languages and currencies, were a novelty to us. We could speak no language but English, but the universal language of signs we could always fall back upon, and we soon learned to count in shillings, or guilders, or francs, or marks, or liras, or piasters, as the case might be. At least we were not compelled to do as one tourist did. When purchasing an article he held out a handful of coins to the merchant and said, "Will you please help yourself?" We walked miles and miles with our guides, through art galleries and museums and castles, and returned at night foot-sore and weary, and we were so filled with history we could scarcely eat. But we would not have missed any part of it for the foot-soreness

and weariness soon left us (and alas! so did the history) but we will never forget the things we saw.

While Europe was intensely interesting, it was not until we reached the Orient that we realized fully we were in foreign lands. Our visit to Palestine has made the Bible a new Book to us, and our visits to the mission stations in Egypt and the Sudan have given us a new insight to the work, and a new interest in the workers.

And as we saw OUR MISSIONARY at work away up there at Nasser, doing the work it would take about four people at home to do, and doing it with such joy and gladness, thankful to the Master for giving her the opportunity and counting her worthy to serve Him in this place—then we felt our part in this is as nothing compared with hers, and that we shall never cease to praise Him for putting it into our hearts to make the investment, and giving us the opportunity to thus follow it up.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

"He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road."—Homer.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their own content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament.
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban,
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles or their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon,
And stretches away to the night.
And still I rejoice when the travellers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Not live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who lives alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

—Sam Walter Foss.

ABYSSINIA SPECIAL

Ethiopia's Outstretched Hands.

By Mrs. Margrietha K. Buchanan.

"MALLO, mallo, Gofta." or "Abeit, abeit, Gifta" may be heard whenever a person goes out for a walk, or even when one is going about one's business. The average Abyssinian does not hesitate one bit to stretch out his or her hands in begging. A person in Abyssinia does not need to be a professional beggar to have the right to beg. For whenever a Farrangi or a foreigner comes along, anyone may ask for a *tamone,* from a wee two-year old to an old man or woman. Ethiopia is indeed a free country as far as begging is concerned.

Some realize that they will get nothing, for their "abeit, abeit" is accompanied by a giggle or a grin. Others are so persistent that they remind one of the Widow and the Unjust Judge of New Testament fame. Even the most needy ones, those who are blind or lame or sick among the beggars, do not tire of calling "Mercy, mercy, master." These alone receive regular attention every Saturday at noon. After a bit of Scripture has been explained to them and a prayer has been offered for them, they are each given two *sheenies,* small coffee cups, of salt. This they may either use in their food during the coming week or else the salt may be traded for bread or other necessary food.

Sometimes one is almost led to believe that the Abyssinian only knows to stretch out his hands for money or some other material thing. On the other hand, there are many who are really wanting something better. These Ethiopians are groping some what. They know they want some thing greater and much better than money, but yet they are not quite certain what that is. The age-old customs and desires for material things keep trying to take the uppermost place in the peoples' minds and hearts. Just last week there was such an evident example of this. One of the older boys who has worked several years for the Mission had quite a bit of money stolen from his box. Truly the amount of money was a great deal to these people. But when it was suggested that he and others pray to God about it, this young man almost hooted at the idea. However several of the Mission group did not listen to him, but prayed very earnestly concerning the matter. The next morning most of the money was discovered and the thief caught. Of course the young man rejoiced, but was quite ashamed of the way he had spoken and he said "God is very good to me." Our prayer is that this definite answer to prayer will lead others closer to the great Light.

Yes indeed, Ethiopia is stretching out her hands! Of course, comparatively, the numbers are very few but we know that by means of a few many others will also want to stretch out their hands to God. It is one of God's promises that Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God. So we are assured that someday, maybe not so very far in the future, this promise will be realized.

Where There Are No Truant Officers: Abyssinia

By Bruce B. Buchanan

"WHAT wage will you give me for attending your school? has been the query of more than one boy when making application for entrance into our Boarding school. The boys are given some work to do and so it is seemingly the prevalent idea among outsiders that there should be some renumeration in addition to food and clothes.

"I want to enter your school" is the plea heard almost daily at the Day school. Are these boys serious about it, do they really desire schooling? Yes, and no. They wish it but many are not willing to make any effort, any sacrifice, to obtain it. When reminded that there is a fee their enthusiasm often dies down. They usually excuse themselves on the score that they have no "wherewithal." But if the boy is at all promising he is told that he may come and earn his tuition. Occasionally the boy walks away with his head in the air, most likely saying to himself: "Do these foreigners expect me to work for them in order to go to school?" But more often the boy will say: "Very well, I'll come at the appointed time to work." But that, too often, is the last we see of the boy.

Why this apparent unwillingness to pay the price of working their way through school? Recall that Abyssinia is a land where there are no truant officers, no compulsory school laws. Far from it. Schools are the exception rather than the rule. In many parts of the land witch-doctors are more common than schools. One of our boys told us this not long ago in reference to starting a school in Khakei, a town some forty miles distant, "If you people open a school there you will have much trouble and many people will hate you." Upon being asked to explain his statement he said that nearly the whole population believes in the numerous witch-doctors and naturally the magic men are bitterly opposed to any such thing as a Mission school. Abyssinia in making things is an utter contrast to America. But this is not surprising. The great majority of parents care little whether their boys attend school. So there is little reason why the boys should have a strong desire for school unless they are unusually ambitious.

Another difficulty is the matter of persuading the pupils to stay in school. Many Abyssinians lack perseverance. They come and like the school but weary in well-doing after a few weeks or months. But we should not be too harsh in our judgment of them. Would we have any more initiative than they do, provided we had been surrounded by the same environment all our days? Most of the people in this section are Gallas. These poor Gallas lead a dog's life, for the most part. If they farm nearly all they produce is "eaten up," as they say, by the officials and by their soldiers. If the Gallas turn to carrying loads to and from Gambelia their lot is no happier, if as happy. It is too often a case of the malaria or dysentery getting them

or, if not that, the officials and their friends take them into the courts and rob them. Great numbers of the Gallas consequently become shiftless and it is not long until they are mere drifters. Surely our friends are unfortunate.

There have been different reasons why some of our boys have left. Some have gone because they caught or contracted a common malady known as the "wanderlust." They wished to see Khartum or Addis Ababa. Some have left because they were asked to go on account of disobedience. In the Boarding school a wise provision is made whereby all the boys help in making bread as well as in other work. Certain of the boys refused to help and as a result had to leave. Their pride got the upperhand. Others left because they disobeyed in the Day school in the matter of taking prescribed work leading up to English. They were too impatient to wait for the English until they had completely mastered their own languages, the Amharic and the Galla. Our enrollment has fluctuated considerably. Of late it has been decreased somewhat. This present year we started with about 130 boys and now have only two or three more than a hundred. In some cases the loss to the departing boys was much greater than the loss to the school. We are coming to realize that quality is more desirable than quantity.

Although there have been many obstacles there have also been many encouragements. The morning and afternoon schools have both grown in influence and usefulness, we feel. They have presented many opportunities of witnessing for Christ. One must humbly confess that many times the opportunity was not seized or was only partially grasped.

These schools are not a mere entering wedge for doing evangelistic work. They are not a mere sideline. They are the field of evangelism itself. One cannot find a more direct manner of influencing boys and young men for Christ than by means of the boarding and day schools. May the Master bring not only a few of these boys to himself but may He bring each and every one. The land without truant officers is not without a loving Savior, a Savior who is able to do far more for boys than school laws or truant officers or even teachers. Heaven's school is to be found in parts of Abyssinia as well as in more favored lands.

The evangelization of the heathen world in the places where it is carried on is certainly not a tissue of strange customs and adventures, as thrilling as a romance. It is a desperate struggle with the Prince of Darkness and with every thing his rage can stir up in the shape of obstacles, vexation, opposition and hatred, whether by circumstances or by the hand of man. It is a serious task.

COLLIARD of Zambesi

"Big Wancha"

By Isabel Blair

THIS is "Big Wancha." She is not very big, but because there is a smaller girl in the boarding school at Sayo, named Wancha, we call her "Big Wancha." This picture was taken the day she came to school. We had been out on a picnic at the sawmill. As we passed Wancha's house, her father said, "Take her."

"BIG WANCHA"

Many times the people push their children towards us and tell us to take them home with us. Sometimes they mean it, but more often they are only playing. So we said, "If we take her, you will only come and get her again." "No really you can take her with you and teach her." So we said, "Come along," and she came. She did not have to wait until she put on her other dress, nor stop to get a hat or coat. She came as she was, in all she had. She walked alongside our mules for over an hour and did not seem to get a bit tired. When we arrived at the Mission Hill, she was soon cleaned up. After a bath, hair shaved off and a clean dress, loaned by one of the girls, you would not have known her as the same girl. She is a very nice, promising little girl. She is a good little worker around the house and is diligent in her studies. After a few months, her father took her home to watch the corn. Soon she was as ragged and dirty as before, but always eager to see us whenever we passed her house. We begged her father to let her come back, but how could he? He had no boys to watch the corn and if someone did not watch it, the birds and baboons would soon eat it all. Well at least she learned enough to make her eager for more, and if she never gets back, she will surely send her own children to school some day. So ran our thoughts.

Our rule this year was that all who did not finish the term last year, had to pay an entrance fee of three thalers or one dollar and a half American money. Before this the only tuition we had received for boarding school from the Gallas, was a few dollars from two boys who were servants of missionaries. They saw the good of school and were enough interested in their sisters, to pay a little for them to be in school. You can imagine our surprise then, when

Wancha's father brought her back one day and paid two of the three dollars and promised to bring the other later. How grateful we were to have her again and also how glad we were to know that at least one father was interested enough in his daughter to pay a little money for her to be in school! But she did not get to stay long. In a few months, there was a new baby at her house and Wancha, being the oldest child, had to go home to do the work and care for the little brothers and sisters. She has not come back yet. No doubt she is watching the corn again, but we hope that next term she will return to school. Even a few months in school each year are better than none.

Last year we had eight girls in the boarding school. This year we started with fourteen. This number has now dropped to twelve. Yes we are growing slowly, but we hope that the girls are growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ faster than the school is growing in numbers.

Note—We regret that the other articles intended for the Abyssinia Special have not reached the office in time for this issue.—Editor.

A Nurse's Prayer

I dedicate myself to Thee,
O Lord, my God! This work I undertake
Alone in Thy great name, and for Thy sake,
In ministering to suffering I would learn
The sympathy that in Thy heart did burn
For those who on life's weary way
Unto diseases divers are a prey.
Take, then, mine eyes, and teach them to perceive
The ablest way each sick one to relieve,
Guide Thou my hands, that e'en their touch may prove
The gentleness and aptness born of love.
Bless Thou my feet, and while they softly tread,
May faces smile on many a sufferer's bed.
Touch Thou my lips, guide Thou my tongue,
Give me a word in season for each one.
Clothe me with patient strength all tasks to bear,
Crown me with hope and love, which know no fear,
And faith, that coming face to face with death
Shall e'en inspire with joy the dying breath.
All through the arduous day my actions guide,
And through the lonely night watch by my side.
So shall I wake refreshed, with strength to pray,
"Work in me, through me, with me, Lord this day!"

Myra L. Sawyer in The Presbyterian Survey

Foreign Correspondence

MISSIONARIES BIRTHDAYS

November	1	Miss Edna Broyles	November	26	Miss Bessie Fleming
November	5	Miss Carrie Worman	November	27	Miss Margaret Bell
November	6	Miss Jeannette McCrory	November	30	Miss Ida Leota Cabeen
November	10	Miss Edna Ward	November	30	Miss Aulora McIntyre

"Away in foreign lands they wondered how
Their simple words had power
At home the christians two or three
Had met to pray and hour."

INDIA

Miss Jean Morrison, Editor, Abbottabad, India

HOW GOD IS LEADING ME

By Mary McAuley Samuel, Rawalpindi

In the years 1921 and 1922 my life was rather sad, and I cannot say positively that I was growing in grace. My husband had died after a long illness that taxed my physical strength very greatly; I was worn out. I was glad that my husband was at rest in the presence of the King; but I was lonely and felt I had no home or friend on earth; I longed to depart from this world. It was easy to spend long hours in thinking of my own loss, but I am glad to say that after one year life began to be brighter and I began to take an interest in other things. It was at this time that I had an intense desire to live a higher, holier life than I had ever lived before. In order to get this closer touch with God I was willing to give my all. I remember praying—"Lord give me this nearness or I will die, give even if it costs me my mind." Not remembering that the Bible said "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." I kept on praying until Sialkot Convention time, I longed for the Convention and went with the prayer—"Lord reveal thyself in a new way to me, and draw me into a nearness such as I have never known before." My faithful God heard and answered the questions and longings of my heart and gave me a deep quiet, peaceful assurance of His presence in me; and O

MRS. MARY SAMUEL AND SON JOHN

the joy that has been mine. I wonder if Heaven can give me any greater joy than was mine just then? That fall while going to the zenanas alone I prayed—"Lord show me what keeps non-Christians from coming to Christ." After prayer I was sitting with my Bible opened at the first chapter of Matthew. I thought it was Christ's birth they did not understand. I read it carefully until I came to the 21st verse. The Lord spoke plainly to me and said—"If the people saw victory over sin in the lives of Christians, His birth would not be difficult to understand." Such conviction came upon me, I was ashamed that I was hindering the people by my life in not having victory over every known sin. "His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." I have had blessed experiences of the life of victory through Jesus Christ since then. I made a special effort each day before going to my work to let the Lord search me, and know me, and see if I was holding sin in my life. After I had thus humbled myself before the Lord, I went to my work and the Lord in His faithfulness gave much encouragement to me. The Lord helped me to have victory in my life such as I had not known before, often over comparatively little things.

One day before going to work Miss Hoon and I prayed—"Lord guide our feet today to a home where there is a hungry soul." That day we were led to the home of a Sikh woman where we spent more than two hours in earnest heart to heart talk. During the conversation she said—"If Jesus will take away sin out of my life, I will throw this book away and follow Him." Saying this she tossed her own religious book to one side. She has promised to pray—"Lord show me Thy way, the way in which sin will daily die in me." Miss Hoon said after we left this dear soul, "I was so conscious of His presence there, I could almost see Him, there seemed to be just a thin veil between Him and us."

Another morning we prayed, "Lord may the homes that we go to today, be conscious of a visit from Thee rather than from us. The first home we were led to was that of a Mohammedan lawyer, whose wife is barely able to read a little Urdu. The husband, wife and a brother sat and listened to the message of the love of God in sending and giving His Son for us. At the close of our talk the wife said, "Surely the Lord has visited us today."

Last year a call came from Miss Buchanan to hold meetings in the Avalon High School. I laid the matter before the Lord and said, "I am willing to go if *you* go with me." "He is faithful;" he at once convicted me of the sin of worry in my life. He said "If you can trust me with this matter I will go with you and bless you." I asked Him to please take away the worry out of my life, I had never been able to accomplish anything by worrying. The Lord cut that sin out of my life and I had rest and peace and went to the school with no other preparation. I had a wonderful experience of the Lord's working through me. I took three and sometimes four meetings a day and the Lord faithfully gave me the messages as I needed them, and He

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surely did bless me. He gave me friends who were praying for me while I was conducting these meetings. Many girls gave their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ during those days.

A little more than a year ago a boy of about nine years of age attached himself to me. He was a Hindu orphan boy. I took him into my home and let him help in the housework and sent him to school. One day he was punished in school and ran away and took the train not knowing where he was going. In my helplessness I prayed and asked my friends to pray that this boy might be led to another Christian home where they would be good to him and show him the love of Christ. When I heard of him again he was in my own brother's home, a long distance from Rawalpindi. The Lord guided him in answer to prayer. My brother brought him back to me.

There is a Brahmo Samaj family here that has been much prayed for for many years. There are eight children in the home and seven of them have been educated in mission schools. One day when I was praying over the day's work a great burden of prayer was laid upon me for this family, I fell on my face before the Lord for them, then getting weary I went to bed, but seemed to be in an agony of intercession for them all night. The next morning I went to see them and found only the mother and baby at home. I had scarcely taken my seat when she said, "The Lord has sent you here today." I said "How do you know?" She replied, "Last night my husband and I talked a long time about becoming Christians and we read the Bible together. She listened well to the Bible story that day. Later she came to to my house and told me how she had been visited by the Lord Jesus Christ and how there was no doubt in her heart but that He was the Saviour of the world, no one else could be. She said that the revelation was so precious that she could hardly talk about it and so real that she felt she could never deny Him. This woman is not yet baptized.

I have known whole days and weeks when the spirit of prayer and praise and intercession has been laid on me, and I have been able to hold on in prayer while I went about my housework and performed my daily duties. Those times have been so precious, so full of love and joy and peace in the Lord. They were also times when the Lord showed me much that was wrong in my life, things that He had to cut out.

Believing that prayer is really heard and answers are surely given, I beg all who read these accounts of different ones struggling for salvation, to pray and continue to pray until they are safe in the fold.

BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES

By Mrs. Florence M. Jongewaard

A month has passed since Jane Martin left this earth. It is difficult for us to imagine that we shall never see her in the flesh any more; that her body is buried on the Taxila Hospital compound, our first missionary grave there.

But the memory of her will long abide in Taxila and vicinity. For those of us who were associated with her during this last year, the influence of her gentle presence will be a lasting benediction. In memory we

will see her among the flowers, or in the wheatfields at eventime when she took her walks and refreshed her spirit by drinking in the beauty of the mountains. We will see her in her home life, ministering to those missionaries who were ill under her roof. She thought of so many kind ways in which to serve them. We will see her in the hospital, passing from one bed to another, teaching the gospel in song or by reading the Word itself. Many have heard the gospel from her lips at Taxila and since God has promised that His Word will not return unto Him void, we must believe that lives have been influenced by her faithfulness in proclaiming the Word at all times.

She was tried in the furnace of suffering and her faith was real. Our spiritual conversation with her was very helpful. The humility and gentleness that we saw in her life and service made us long for more of those qualities in our own lives.

AMONG THE LEPERS

By Mrs. Jeannette H. Stewart

Speaking of lepers causes to pass before your eyes a variety of pictures, I am sure. To some of you it means a loathsome group of creatures not worthy to be considered human. Others picture a person covered with white spots whom any one could recognize at sight and avoid. And many think one is most sure to contract the disease if one comes within speaking distance of a leper.

Even the leper keeps pace with the changing times and no more is he heard to cry "Unclean, unclean!" All unwittingly you may rub against him in the crowded throngs of the bazaar, or such an one may be the miserable beggar who reaches out imploring hands and stoops to touch your feet. The change which the shop keeper hands over to you may have come to him a few minutes earlier from the hands of a leper.

There is no law forbidding those afflicted with this disease to mingle with their fellows, just as there is no law against tubercular and other disease carrying persons doing the same. Of course when fingers and toes and sometimes hand and feet are gone it is easy to recognize a case but in such cases the disease has often burnt itself out and the patient is practically harmless. In this country the spotted kind is seldom seen and you and I would not recognize cases in which the disease is really active.

All over India there are asylums, built either by the Government or the Mission to Lepers, for these unfortunates and into which they are urged to go. These institutions are usually put in charge of some missionary living in the same place who gives to it what time he can spare from his regular duties. We have one in Rawalpindi in which there are at present about one hundred inmates. C. A. Stewart is in charge. Two regular religious services are carried on, during the week and two on Sabbath. On Sabbath morning the lesson is taught with classes for the men and women and children. There are about twenty-five Christians, mostly Hindu converts from South India. Last Sabbath we had a helpful communion service conducted by Dr. W. T. Anderson. Nineteen lepers and ten missionaries and others took part. They were happy to enjoy this privilege once again. This is one place where it is advisable to use the individual cups. The leper is allowed to keep the cup which he has used.

A little over a year ago a Gurkha soldier was sent here by his commanding officer for treatment. The poor chap did not suspicion the nature of his disease until he found himself in the leper asylum, and was just about as down-hearted and discouraged under the circumstances you or I would be. In his loneliness one of the Christian lepers showed a special interest in him—sat with him,

read with him, helped him in every way possible and finally taught him to read. Slowly his caste prejudices were broken down; he began eating with the Christians, coming to services and finally announced his desire for baptism. He is the first of his connection to come out for Christ and we pray that he may be the means of bringing others. He has been taking treatment from the time he arrived and a leper specialist who examined him recently said that his case was most hopeful.

There are several untainted children in the Asylum. Will you not pray that their parents may be willing to send them to a home for untainted children, where they will be well cared for and not be in constant danger of contracting the disease.

WHAT PREPARATION DOES A MISSIONARY NEED?

By Mrs. Dorothy H. Cummings

Did your college education really prepare you for your job out in India? My thoughts insist on constantly making me face this embarrassing question, as day after day demands come in for things we have never met before. It makes us wonder. Perhaps my husband would not give me the pleasure of helping correct some of his exam papers, if I had not had a little English in college. Hearing that the Professors' wives have B. A. may have some influence on the college boys in their regard for women, and perhaps it will make them want educated wives, who can be a bit more like companions to them. Just yesterday we were in a Professor's home where the husband talked to us in beautiful English, and yet his wife had never been inside a school.

This year has been a wonderful revelation; how ignorant one may be of some of the most ordinary things of life. After our year of language study we were located here in the college, and for the first time in my life I was the responsible person in the management of the home. With what trepidation I started. Oh how I wished that since I had not had a real home in America, I had taken along with Latin and other things, some Home Economics. I have been many times grateful for the one course in household management I did have. I tried to look wise so that the cook would not know that what I was translating to him from the cook book was more than I could do. Just the other day, however, I learned that he had had very little experience himself, when he came to me, so we have been learning together. It is any wonder that we had some peculiar meals? But I have been glad to be able to supply a little of the needed information about balanced meals, vitamines, and some few ideas about sanitation.

How many times I have wished I had some definite information about common maladies. Of course one gleans here and there, but it is all very smattering. Now when the servants come with varied complaints, I find salts usually help not to mention a follow up of quinine. But when it comes to little babies—well having one of my own is the most effective course I have discovered. A course in book-keeping, I never expected to need. Along comes the job of Church Treasurer, and here I toil again, learning by experience, and long for the decimal system.

How I could use training in Kindergarten or in Sabbath school work. Now after a year of teaching a womens' class and trying to help on some childrens' classes some ideas begin to dawn, that might have been initiated from the first—had I only known. At school we had the principle of progress instilled, if not the concrete methods. Perhaps the principles are more essential, since methods have to be adapted, anyway. In the childrens' class a sand-pile may be added

to the pictures they so love. The women are very much like children not so alert, so they are harder to teach. They need much propping and urging. One wonders how much cultivation needs to be done in the form of home-visiting. In the visits how can one enter into their humble every-day lives, and yet not leave them there, but help them to the One who alone can lift their lives above the sordid. We long for them to know that we talk of Christ in His relation to us, because we love to, not because it is our duty. Right with those women I have learned that their hearts respond not a whit to my knowledge, only to my love. And when a baby came to our home, then they began to have a little respect for me, and more love.

Psychology did teach me something about people—would that I had learned more. I feel so utterly incapable of judging the motives with which people come. Some openly ask aid. One man pleaded and begged for medicine for his sick wife, and money to bring her here—but later we found he had no wife. Others come saying they are interested in Christianity, and one longs to take them in whole-souled. One man who came often was really only interested in improving his English conversation. So we find we have to learn to ask questions, to see if all the story agrees. The danger for us is that we begin to think that no one is entirely honest. It is difficult to hang onto one's faith in a person, while probing into his motives. It makes me glad for the contact with different types of people at college. As I recall we were not all perfect even in my Alma Mater. As I recall there was growth in a great many of us. That recollection helps to soften the tendency to harsh judgments. It throws us more on God to change lives. He does know how to do things a little better than we do.

I am thankful especially for the influences college days brought into my life that were the greatest of all preparation for this job. In the little group of Student Volunteers we learned something of the preciousness of fellowship in prayer, with each other and with Christ. Of course it was just a start. But it is the thing we feel the greatest need for out here. When life has a tendency to become hum-drum, to think once again of some of the idealism of college days, does bring refreshment. It invigorates one to seek more of the life, that is life indeed.

EGYPT

Minnehaha Finney, Editor. Tanta, Egypt.

J. WALLACE BAIRD

By Mrs. Ruth E. Nolin

A deep feeling of sorrow for the loss of Mr. Baird is evident throughout the whole Zagazig district. Men and women, Christian and Moslem, come in a steady stream to pay tribute to his memory and to offer consolation and comfort to Mrs. Baird. They say, "We mourn deeply with you; we do not understand why one so needed here by all of us should have been taken, but God knows. May He be your Comfort and Strength." Their appreciation and sympathy are comforting, but still talking with them is perhaps one of the hardest things Mrs. Baird has had to do, as she goes about that other hard task of breaking up the home that has meant so much to them these years, preparing to leave the associations so full of memories.

We who are trying to gather up Mr. Baird's work and carry on, miss him at every turn. We miss him personally—his companionship in our home and his, at the tennis club, riding out along the canal bank for a breath of air at sunset time after a

busy day, at our station prayer meetings—and we miss exceedingly his advice in the work. His knowledge of this district, with its eight schools and evangelistic centers outside of the central work in Zagazig, was so great and his judgment so reliable that it seems almost impossible to go on without him. We are very thankful for association with him last year. The mechanical features of the work will go on, but no one will ever be able to gather up all the contacts or measure the extent of his influence. In his life, as in his death, Mr. Baird continually spent himself in service for others. In that spirit the workers of this district, American and Egyptian, are trying to carry on the work.

RALPH G. McGILL

By Mrs. Ralph McLaughlin

It is now just a month since Mr. McGill so triumphantly closed his earthly career and entered into the joy which the Lord had prepared for His good and faithful servant. However the sense of our loss here grows none the less. We would not question the Fathers will and wisdom, and we know that "sometime, sometime up there we'll understand." Nevertheless, daily the thought recurs "Why?"

Mr. McGill was probably the man most beloved by our Egyptian pastors. For thirteen years he had taught and encouraged and guided the young men of our Seminary as they looked toward that high calling. Every one of those men who had come to know him thus intimately, loved him and respected him, and to them his place (as one of them said) can never be filled. Because of his work and position in the Seminary, he seemed to be in more sympathetic and understanding relation to the Synod of the Nile than any other man on the field.

Dr. Charles Watson paid him a high tribute in the funeral service when he said that to him it was not that our friend had been so exceptionally blessed with rare talents, but that he had been exceptionally faithful in the use of his talents, as well as faithful to every duty. One of our Egyptians friends as we searched the possibilities for some one to fill the Seminary chair "It is not so necessary that he be such a scholarly, gifted man, as it is that he should be a man of great love and kindly spirit toward the students." That was what made Mr. McGill so wonderful, he was always courteous, always a gentleman, always a Christian.

Mr. McGill was a member of eleven committees, and when the Executive Committee met, it was amazing the amount of interim business they had to transact in order to arrange for the work he had laid down.

Mrs. McGill has returned to her home here, and daily numbers of friends come to offer her comfort. In spite of fragile physical strength she is wonderfully brave and 'strong in the Lord." We will all do all we can to help her as she plans for breaking up her home, and for the future in America. "God gives to His beloved sleep," but to those that wait on the Lord, He renews their strength, and comforts them with peace that passes understanding.

"AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

By Mr. C. S. Bell

It is with a fuller comprehension of these words that we consider the work laid down by our friend, the late Rev. J. W. Baird. In planning the work for the present year, the Missionary Association at the annual meeting in January last arranged that Mr. Baird and family should go on furlough this year. Consequently all the many assignments of work which he had been carrying were shifted to other missionaries. Later in the spring, when the Foreign Board decided that this and other furloughs could not be granted at this time, arrangements were made to

leave part of Mr. Baird's work on him. But it is certain that none of us realized just how much of a burden he had, for the writer, who had been intimately associated with Mr. Baird for some years and who was paying special attention to parts of his assignments in view of anticipated taking over, had no real conception of the extent of the work Mr. Baird had carried, nor of the absolute dependence of a large section of our Delta work upon his personal care and energy.

We think here most particularly of his work as Chairman-Treasurer of the Mission's Delta School Committee. This Committee has in charge some 30 schools scattered over the Delta, employing about 100 teachers, and handles $16.500 of the annual appropriations from America. The attendance in these schools during the year ending June 30th, 1926, was 2240, and the gross budget was $39,-320. While each district missionary looks after the schools in his district, yet we all depended on Mr. Baird for advice and suggestion. He it was, who kept contacts with sources of teacher supplies and who secured teachers for us. He scrutinized the monthly reports, kept all records, both financial and otherwise, and sent the necessary moneys and supplies to all the schools. He directed the Committee in its plans and policies, and did more than all of us to keep us and our teachers looking forward to better and better things.

For several years we have marvelled at the organization of his district work. It is yet a wonder how he found time to keep in such full and firm and yet sympathetic touch with every individual worker in his large district. His personal contacts were very wide and varied, his information on all the work under his care was wonderfully exact and detailed, and his ability to encourage and stimulate his workers to higher ideals and better service grew greater each year.

As a friend we found him most satisfying, and here lies our greatest sense of personal loss. His joy in life and service, his broad vision for that service, and his plans and hopes for the work made him a friend worth having. The devoted spirit of the man is shown in a personal note he wrote a short time before his death, congratulating a fellow missionary on the birth of a son. This was never intended for publication, but was just one of the many many things he did and wrote. But it gives to us all such a splendid legacy of hope and service that we close by quoting one sentence. Mr. Baird wrote: "I have not been able to do all that I have dreamed of in Egypt, or elsewhere for that matter, but I hope that some of my sons will be able to come nearer to it."

"WELL DONE GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT"

By Miss Minnehaha Finney

These two dear friends who left us the 7th., of August never cease to be missed and more and more we miss them as their many and varied pieces of work have to be taken up by others who already are overburdened.

Words are inadequate to express our sorrow and our loss in the death of these two men. The whole Egyptian Church has been stirred to the depths and we hope that this deep feeling will make for great spiritual blessing in our midst. One whole number of the *Huda* was made a memorial to their memory. I long to put before the readers of the Magazine every word which has been said in appreciation of Rev. McGill and Rev. Baird but they are too many and besides it is always difficult to put the deepest feelings into words.

We want their friends in America to know that these two lives have been well lived over here in Egypt and that they have left a distinct impression of great worth upon the work in general and upon many in-

dividual lives. Over and over and again and again we hear expressions of love and appreciation of both Mr. Baird and Mr. McGill. Both men were greatly esteemed and respected by all who knew them, Mr. McGill in Cairo and to the south of Cairo, and Mr. Baird in the eastern Delta. Two rather distinct sections of the mission field have thus been brought to mourn together over their loss.

And now that their work is done we can but rejoice in the "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." with which the Saviour of men, for whom they witnessed here in Egypt, has crowned them.

N. B.—A very touching tribute was written by one of Mr. McGill's Egyptian associates in the Cairo Theological Seminary and printed in the "Huda." We hope to have it translated and given to the Home Church publications soon.—Editor.

DISTRICT WORK

By Mrs. W. R. Walker

The work in the district has been much the same, as usual. It is always a trying time. during the Coptic lent. and at their Easter time, That is the month when they do up all their religious duties for the year. They waken up and go to church, get their babies baptized, and then have their weddings just as soon as the Fast is over. But this year, the Mohammedan Fast came at the same time, so all were less interested than usual.

Birket es Sab

We always feel that the work at Birket es Sab is the most flourishing in the district. The evangelist, Scander and the head teacher, Ameen are faithful and zealous, and they all work together nicely, in our N. W. M. building. which is a comfort. Ameen says that he never has a Mohammedan boy in his school after the first month, for after that that school is about 100% evangelistic.

One of the boys, Mohammedan in name only, who graduated there two years ago, has been in our Mission school in Cairo since. He helps in one of the street Sabbath School centers in Cairo, and is a very earnest boy. He was called home not long ago, to see his mother who was lying very ill. He took her to Tanta to see our Doctors there, but they could not do anything for her. He told us that he was afraid that he could not get the $40 for his school fees, from home again, after his mother is taken for she is the one that manages to get that much to help him. Either his father is not so interested in his education or enjoys smoking more. The boy, Abd el Fattah is a unique boy in one way; he is the only Egyptian boy whom we have ever known, who delights in repairing things when they are broken, and especially who takes such an interest in helping to look after the Mission property. without getting any money from it. He pulls off his coat, and gets a hammer, or pinchers or a shovel or what ever is required and goes to work without anyone mentioning it to him. He seems to delight in keeping the property there in good condition, as though he had a special interest in it.

Another boy who graduated from the same class. is Andrawus. or Andrew. His father was a beggar, and before Andrew finished his school work in Birket es Sab, both of his parents had died and he was left with no shelter. and no one to think about him, but his teachers. He slept on the floor in their room, did errands for them, and looked to them for the only assistance that he got. His red letter day came when he was granted a scholarship from Assiut College, and when Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Thompson took him under their wings.

He had never known what it was to be without hunger, I suppose, and he had not grown up. Since going to Assiut last Fall he has grown

a lot, and seems to be as happy as he can be. His teachers in Birket es Sab gathered up some money, and bought him the absolutely necessary things that he must have to enter school at Assiut. There is no privilege, like that of having a share in helping to make over boys and girls, and men and women, whose lives have been warped. How far we all come from living in the fullness and richness, that we might have as sons and daughters of the King of kings! But what joy we have in helping to point and lead others to a greater fullness through Christ.

The boys in the school in Birket es Sab are not all from Birket es Sab itself, but from twelve different villages around. The teachers and evangelists often visit in these homes and villages. All of them enjoy their Bible lessons as much and often much more than the other lessons.

Quesna

In Quesna, we opened up a little school for girls last fall, which has been going through many fiery trials. The Coptic opposition has been strong. Ignorance and superstition are predominant. People are not used to Mission workers and do not appreciate education for girls very much, and although they are able to pay for it, they find fault with all we can do for them.

The Bible women often marvel at the superstition of the women. It takes line upon line. The leaven will begin to work afer awhile. It is hard to wait for the signs of it sometimes. The two girl teachers get very lonely and tired of being criticized. They have been brought up in Alexandria, where they have been taught to live much like foreigners, and they are not enjoying village life.

Stanha

We also opened up a school in Stanha this year, which has far surpassed our fondest hopes as an evangelistic agency. We have had a very zealous evangelist there for two years,who used to work with Smith's at Nasser. The people love him very much. He has a wife and two children.

This fall since the Copts were closing up a school near there we thought it a good time to open a school since we had had many, many requests to do so. We hired a big open house where the evangelist lives up stairs. Down stairs, just as one enters the building there are a table, and a few benches and chairs.

On the table is a big family Bible always. After greeting people and attending to business, it has become the custom for the evangelist to open up the Bible and read some in it.

The neighbors often stop in to rest a bit, and they feel free to open it and read a bit, if they know how. It is always expected that some one who can read will read aloud. People often come in to sit awhile in the evenings, and then the evangelist or teacher reads and prays with them. Mr. Walker never fails to have a little meeting with the ones who are free to come in, when he goes there. They have grown to expect it when the automobile drives up. The fanaticism which we used to meet there is gone.

In the school, the Bible lesson also is the popular study, and the school has done well this year.

It is sad though to see the school which the Copts had for so many years in a village near by, presided over by Moslem Sheiks, and to see even little Coptic girls sitting there committing the Koran, right under the eaves of the Coptic church. The priest is immensely wealthy, and could easily finance the school for the children of his own flock.

Clinic

Miss Holland's work goes on much the same as usual. In a report which we saw lately, we noticed that her patients last year came from 73 different villages and that by far the most of her patients had sore eyes.

Sore heads ranked next. If you would see these being treated, you would realize that they are physically sore, and not figuratively sore. You would also realize as never before, why the Egyptian wears a head kerchief.

It requires infinite patience but she can cure them and make the hair grow. Some patients come out of the treatment with a beautiful shock of hair. Skin troubles, scabies, malnutrition, and fevers have their share or attention. It is no unusual thing at all to see a mother with a child who has typhoid at the clinic. She brings the child each day, and Miss Holland looks after it till night when it is taken home again.

Miss Amelia the Bible woman is busy all the time teaching the women and children Bible stories, and going to visit the very sick ones in their homes, or to comfort the sorrowing ones. She has taught some of the girls to make a trimming for head kerchiefs, which has been the means of bringing in a small income to some poor homes. She helps some women occasionally with a bit of sewing for which they are grateful. She is altogether a great help. We have heard rumors of her getting married, but we hope that it will be postponed as long as possible. It will be hard to find one as useful as she has been.

Often men and large boys come to the Clinic, who can read, and while they wait they often get interested in reading tracts or portions of the Bible to others. They often take some of them. In fact quite a lot of literature is distributed in that way.

Our working force has been very greatly reduced by the home going of the McConnell family. We shall miss them very much. We hope they will have a very nice trip home. Many friends went to the station to bid them farewell and to wish them a safe journey to the homeland.

A STUDENT'S DECISION

By an Egyptian Pastor

On the third of February, 1926, I was walking with a friend on the bank of the Nile when I asked him about his intentions after graduation. He replied, "I wish to spend a year or two in teaching." I said, "My hope is that you will go to the Seminary next year." He told me that he had decided to teach as he is fitted for that profession, and teaching is as much a Christian calling as preaching. "I believe," said I, "that our country is in more urgent need of preaching. Your gifts fit you for preaching; your success during last summer proves this fact. Your powers of speech, sincerity, loyalty and studiousness are characteristics which a preacher wants."

My argument seemed to influence him, but did not convince him. Hence I thought of a remedy. I told him I was going to pray for him that very night. He told me he would pray also, and was ready to do God's will as it was revealed. At about ten o'clock in the evening I prayed that God might convince him. The glorious Lord answered, and early in the morning he told me that he had decided that very night to go the Seminary. Two weeks later I asked him about the details. He said that he had not slept and was troubled the night after our talk. Then he knelt at his bed and asked God to lead and guide him. God's will was clearly shown. He decided to go to the Seminary without delay.

China is not to be won for Christ by self-seeking, ease-loving men and women. Those not prepared for labor, self-denial, and many discouragements, will be poor helpers in the work. In short, the men and women we need are those who will put Jesus, China, souls, first and foremost in everything and at all times; life itself must be secondary—nay, even those more precious than life. Of such men, of such women, do not fear to send us too many. Their price is far above rubies.—Hudson Taylor.

And the same is true of the Sudan and Abyssinia and Egyut and India.

Editorial

MRS. JOHN P. WHITE, Editor, 657 South Detroit St., Xenia, Ohio.

DAY OF PRAYER FOR MISSIONS

Once again the Day of Prayer for Missions draws near. Every year sees a wider fellowship of believing women drawn into this united prayer for missions throughout the whole wide earth. This year for the first time it becomes in reality and in name a World Day of Prayer. Missionaries are already planning to celebrate the day in every mission land, and women of many nations are being drawn near to each other as they draw near to God.

The Council of Women for Home Missions and the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions have made careful plans for the day through the work of a joint committee. A cycle of prayer has been prepared to be used during the months and weeks immediately preceding the Day of Prayer, for we shall get out of this day not more than we put into it. If it is prayerfully planned for its blessings may be carried through the whole year.

It is hoped that the purpose for which the Day of Prayer has been established may be steadily held in mind. It is a Day of Prayer for Missions and for missionaries throughout the world. No addresses, or songs or exercises should be admitted to the day that do not contribute directly to its main purpose. Neither should its scope be broadened too much; it is a Day of Prayer for home and foreign Missions.

It has been interesting to note through the years a steady growth in the size of the offering that is made on that day toward the approved international and interdenominational centers: The Union Colleges, The Christian Literature Committee and Farm and Cannery Migrants.

FOLLOWING THE WHITE RIBBON TRAIL

By Miss Mary B. Ervin

Superintendent of World's Loyal Temperance Legion

That all roads led to Chicago seemed apparent on Monday September 20, when the white ribbon forces from north, south, east and mid-west began to assemble in the "White City on the Lake," enroute to the Fifty Second Annual Convention of the National Woman's Christian Union, meeting in Los Angeles.

Promptly at 10:25 the White Ribbon Special train, with its enthusistic party, steamed out of the station on its big westward journey and it maintained a fine record of schedule time all along the way. Short stop overs gave a variety and "pep" to the trip in general and made for community sentiment in behalf of law observance. Flowers, fruit, kind deeds and appreciative words were showered upon members of the party at every station where stop-overs were made.

The "City of Angels" was in gala attire for the Convention. Hundreds of women, clad in white, waving varied colored plumes of pampas grass, met us at the train and escorted the delegation to decorated autos lined up in great numbers at the station in readiness for a spectacular parade through the streets of Los Angeles, under the supervision of the City Police Force.

On many of the leading streets all traffic was stopped in honor to the

Women's Christian Temperance Union and its representatives from every state in the nation.

From the time of our arrival, there was a constant rushing hither and thither to attend departmental conferences, special group gatherings, banquets, luncheons, teas and the Convention proper, which was in session for six consecutive days with a crowded program of business, practical and inspiration al messages , music and surprise stunts.

California's hospitality was constantly in evidence but was revealed in a magnanimous way at the close of each morning and afternoon session when every delegate was showered with fruits, flowers, nuts, etc., etc., demonstrating California's products and the generosity of her citizens. The distribution of gifts was made with a musical accompaniment and the waving of many colored blossoms as the California delegation sang repeatedly their "catchy song."

"O, Southern California, is the best place of all
Sunshine just the same in Winter, Summer, Fall.
Where the golden poppies bloom
In our hearts there is no gloom
For in Southern California is our home!"

The keynote of the Convention and the slogan for the new year "Hold Fast and Go Forward" was sounded by the National President, Mrs. Ella A. Boole in her annual address. She made a strong plea to hold fast our law, hold fast our membership, hold fast our campaign of education that the people may see that obedience to the law will mean America will get full benefit of its prohibitory law. It is a large program but Prohibition is no task master to those who believe in it.

The daily attendance of 5,000 visitors and delegates revealed the marked interest in the great cause that was being presented by the Christian womanhood of America in their high endeavor for law observance and civic righteousness.

Among the outstanding speakers were William G. McAdoo who addressed the great audience Sabbath night on the subject "The Preservation of Constitutional Government," Ex-Governor Pat Neff of Texas who spoke on "The Supremacy of the Law," Richmond P. Hobson, who presented the vital need of "Narcotic Education" and Mrs. Lena Leonard Fisher who discussed "The Spiritual Urge of Prohibition."

Miss Anna A. Gordon, World's W. C. T. U. President, presided over a special program commemorating the birthday of Frances E. Willard, founder of the World's W. T. C. U.

Three department directors of the World's W. C. T. U., Miss Cora Frances Stoddard, superintendent of Scientific Temperance Instruction, Mrs. Stella B. Irvine, superintendent of Sunday Schools and Miss Mary B. Ervin, superintendent of the Loyal Temperance Legion, presented various phases of the children's activities in the different countries of the world.

The climax of the convention was reached on the last night, with a stirring address, entitled "Go Forward," delivered by Mrs. Mary Harris Armor, the silver-tongued orator from Georgia.

That the past year had been a "Forward Going" year for the W. T. C. U. was evidenced by the enrollment of 53,380 new members in the organization and increased activities among the children and young people.

The closing song "Hold Fast America" reflected the spirit that pre-

vailed throughout the convention and sounded the working slogan of the New Year.

"Hold fast America, hold fast,
Your country's laws obey,
If ye would be a shining light
To nations far away!
The whole wide world is watching you,
Hold fast and win the fight;
Then other nations too will seek
To battle for the right."

OUTLINED PROGRAMS
For Missionary Societies
for 1927

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THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE
XENIA, OHIO

A TRIBUTE

At the home of Dr. Elizabeth McLaughry, New Wilmington, Pennsylvania on the morning of September the fourteenth nineteen hundred and twenty-six, Miss Margaret McLaughry entered into the full enjoyment of the promise, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Friend, Scholar, Teacher, President of the Women's Missionary Society. She was old enough to understand, young enough to enjoy, and not too old to serve. The world is better and richer because she lived in it.

"Life! We've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear
Then steal away, give little warning!
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter Clime,
Bid me Good morning."

—Committee

Thank-Offering Department.

EDITED BY MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN.
Thank-Offering Secretary
905 Publication Building 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

INVITATION TO GIVE THANKS

"If any joy has blessed your home,
If any gift has made life sweet,
For answered prayer for light in gloom,
Come! lay a gift at Jesus feet;
For friends on earth who share your love,
For friends safe in the home above.
THANK GOD TODAY!"

THANK-OFFERING GEMS

"We lose what God has given, the prize for which our feeble faith has striven because we thank Him not."

"There is a magic power that transforms the prayer of thanks into coins, the coins into spiritual power, the spiritual power into redeemed souls."

"In all things give thanks; for sickness as well as health, for the dark places as for the sunshine."

"Not what we give, but what we share;
For the gift, without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

"Thanksgiving is a self rewarding virtue, receiving in itself a deep joy, that overflows into the lives of others, through material ways."

"The more we pray and praise, the more fully we are consecrated, the more we delight to give."

"Ingratitude is one of the meanest of human misdeeds."

"The mercy of God, His goodness to all,
With grateful thanksgiving we love to recall.
And now unto Him, our hearts let us give,
With promise to serve Him as long as we live."

Pray this when thanking Him; "Help me, O Lord, from day to day to live and give more nearly as I pray."

The great apostle joyously cried: "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift." For this gift we can be thankful every moment of life.

Livingston gave to the cause of missions all that he earned beyond his subsistence; and he also gave himself to the work of Foreign Missions.

"The silver and the gold is mine." saith the Lord of Hosts. Every coin we have it wholly the Lord's.

AMERICA'S THANKSGIVING

Not alone for mighty empire,
Stretching far o'er land and sea,
Not alone for bounteous harvests,
Lift we up our hearts to Thee.
Standing in the living present,
Memory and hope between,
Lord, we would with deep thanksgiving
Praise Thee more for things unseen.

Not for battleships and fortress,
Not for conquests of the sword,
But for conquests of the spirit
Give we thanks to Thee, Oh Lord;
For the heritage of freedom,
For the home, the church, the school,
For the open door to manhood
In a land the people rule.

For the armies of the faithful
Lives that passed and left no name;
For the glory that illumines
Patriot souls of deathless fame;
For the people's prophet-leaders,
Loyal to Thy living word,—
For all heroes of the spirit,
Give we thanks to Thee, O Lord.

—Selected.

November is the one month of the year when men and women of all denominations and creeds are called upon by the head of our nation—Our President—to unite in Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Now is the time for God's people to engage in thanksgiving and prayer: thanksgiving for blessings and mercies unnumbered, unmeasured and unmerited, and prayer to know God's will and for grace to do it.

Thank God we know the true source of all our blessings and mercies, and that the Giver never grows weary of our expressing gratitude to Him in ways whereby similar blessings and mercies may be given to others.

We praise God that through our prayers and gifts we can help make His truth known to our home land and to those across the sea who have not heard of His great gift to the world.

To have our hearts in tune with God in this November month of Prayer and Thanksgiving in connection with the Thank-Offering "Ingathering" of the Women's, Young Women's and Junior Missionary Societies, we must study to know the needs of all departments of work under the care of the Women's General Missionary Society. The Thank-Offering has a large part in the work of each field at home and across the sea. If the Thank-Offering should decrease the work in each field would suffer. I am sure the women and children of our church have had bountiful blessings from His hand this year and will not fail to express their gratitude by gifts that will exceed any previous offering. This will be accomplished if each individual and each society increase their last offering. Prayer is our best preparation for our abundant Thank-Offering. We must keep very close to God that our words of praise and thanksgiving may be from the depths of grateful hearts and may not be mere lip service. We need to contrast our lives in this land, blessed with all gospel privileges and happy Christian homes, with women living without the Gospel in order to have our hearts tuned to sing with David, The sweet Psalmist of Israel:

"Bless the Lord O my soul
And all that is within me
Bless His holy name
Bless Jehovah and forget not
All His mercies to proclaim."

In these days of preparation for the Ingathering may we be kept close to Him and may each heart be praising Him for His goodness.

PRESBYTERIAL TREASURERS

Please keep in mind that the 1926 Thank-Offering must be in the hands of Mrs. J. B. Hill, General Treasurer not later than the morning of January first 1927. If possible send it to her by December 20th 1926 that she may enjoy the Christmas days and that it may reach her before the holiday congestion and delay of mails.

LIFE-MEMBERSHIPS

Several Thank-Offering Secretaries have asked this question—Should I send the names of Life Members to you and the money to the treasurer? No. The names must accompany the money and the money must accompany the names. The society treasurer should send money and names to the treasurer of the presbyterial and she in turn sends money and names to Mrs. J. B. Hill treasurer of the Women's General Missionary Society. After Mrs. Hill receives money and names she gives the names to the Thank-Offering department and the Life-Membership certificates are issued and mailed to the address which is given to the General Treasurer. Please give correct name and address when sending to the presbyterial treasurer and avoid mistakes. We have heard of some who gave the money for Life Memberships but the names were not sent

each society. Of the 1695 societies to the presbyterial treasurer and of course never reached the general treasurer. We are always sorry for any error in names or address but follow the copy sent by the presbyterial treasurer.

PLEASE SEND CORRECT NAME AND ADDRESS WITH THE MONEY FOR LIFE MEMBERSHIP

It is a great privilege and a blessing to be a Life Member of the Womens General Missionary Society. Won't you work to increase the list of Life members in your society this year?

QUESTIONS FOR THE MONTHLY PROGRAM

"Ye ought to support the weak and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus—It is more blessed to give than to receive." Acts 20:35.

First—Give amount of first Thank-Offering?

Second—Give amount of Thank-Offering for 1925?

Third—Give amount of total Thank-Offering?

Fourth—What distribution is made of the Thank-Offering?

Fifth—How may we find more joy in giving?

"We praise thee, O God!
For Thy spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior
And scattered our night."

PRESBYTERIAL OFFERINGS

Very soon our Ingatherings will be held and the Thank-Offering secretaries of societies will send their report to the Thank-Offering secretary of the presbyterial. All will rejoice if they can report an increase from reporting last year, 829 increased the amount of their offering over the previous year. On the Honor Roll for having doubled their offering were sixty-three Women's and Young Women's Societies. On the Honor Roll for having averaged one dollar or more per member were one hundred and sixty-nine Junior Societies. Fifty-two Societies gave a Thank-Offering for the first time. Thirty Presbyterials increased the amount of their offerings over last year. They are Albany, Arkansas Valley, Boston, Butler, Caledonia, Cleveland, Colorado, Delaware, Des Moines, Detroit, Frankfort, Idaho, Indiana, Keokuk, Kiskiminetas, Lake, Mansfield, Monmouth, New York, Oklahoma, Puget Sound, San Francisco, Spokane, Steubenville, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Westmoreland, Wisconsin and Xenia. Pray that this year fifty-seven presbyterials may increase their offerings.

THANK-OFFERING SUPPLIES

Ere this, each Thank-Offering secretary has received through the President of her society a copy of our new List of Supplies. Read it carefully and order all that will be helpful to you. Please order in plenty of time to distribute at least ten days before your annual ingathering. Please give us the definite number of leaflets, boxes, invitations, services or envelopes needed. Often orders are received asking us to send enough to give each woman one, or others say, "send us enough for one in each home." In these cases it is hard to know the number to send. Our supplies are prepared for your use and we trust that they will be very helpful to you.

Life Members

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERS
$25.00 Each.
August 1, to October 1, 1926

42. Mrs. Roberta Barnes Grenslet, Sparta, Ill. By her mother, Mrs. Olive M. Barnes.
43. Mrs. Lydia Alexander, Sparta, Ill. By her daughter Genevieve.

Young Women's Department.

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,

MISS IDA B. LITTLE,

1503 Dormont Ave., Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa.

OUR YEAR THOUGHT:—"GOD DOES NOT REQUIRE US TO BE SPECTACULAR IN SERVICE; HE ASKS US TO BE FAITHFUL."

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORK FOR 1926—1927

Support of Girl's Boarding School, Pasrur, India, $4,350. Salaries—Home:—Matron of Dormitory, Frenchburg, Kentucky; Superintendent of Jubilee Hospital, Henderson, North Carolina, Miss Eva Johnson-Adams; City Missionary at Spokane, Washington, Miss Laura Sawhill, $2,680; Foreign—Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker, Gorei, Abyssinia; (new) Miss Mary Coie, Wadi Halfa, Sudan, $800 each or $1,600. Total Askings, $8,630 or $300 more than received in 1925—1926.

THAT PENNANT!

Several secretaries of presbyterials—Y. W. secretaries—have written asking for extra copies of the "ten points," enough to supply congregations having no society for younger or older girls. Now YOU have not sent in *your* order!! *Not one presbyterial in the denomination is 100 percent organized.* Which presbyterial will be first to acquire this high honor and worthy distinction? It might just as well be *YOUR* presbyterial. "Eventually—why not now!"

The success of the pennant contest *rests heavily on the Young Women's secretaries,* but it *does not end there. Every member* of *a society* holds *defeat or success* in some measure in her own hand.

Some say "It can't be done." There are some others to say *"It can be done."* And it will be recorded "They did it!"

Will it be YOU?

MAY WE ASK AGAIN—

That all presbyterial secretaries of young women will be careful to include in the 1927 report the name of *every* society on the roll in the 1926 report. If the society is not functioning by the last of March 1927 and has been disbanded or if it has merged with another organization in the church or if it has been transferred *bodily* to the *W. M. S. division,* so indicate on the 1927 blank. Do not include membership or name of president, but the *name* of the *society only* with "disbanded" "transferred" or "merged with ————————society," after the name in space allotted to name and address of president. In order to be sure what the 1926 report *as printed* is, consult your Statistical Report. If you have not received one, write the Literature Department. You can have a book that cost *dollars* for *15 cents.* By the way every congregational society would benefit by a study of this report. Get your order in early before the limited supply is exhausted.

And yes, record societies alphabetically even if the one just organized happens to be "A."

"PURPOSE THAT MAGNIFIES"

Purpose, which means intention, design or aim, may be of more than one type. It seems to be regulated by the kind of person who has it. Or, is it the other way around? Does the purpose cause the person to be good or bad, useful or useless, holy or unholy? Barnabas exhorted the Antiochians to cleave with purpose of heart unto the Lord. Although he had not been there to preach to them, they had heard of Christ and accepted him. Their purpose was to do right. We read that Christ himself had an eternal purpose from which he could not be separated. After all, may it not be that the prevailing purpose and the person are so closely bound together that they are one and the same?

Anyway, it makes a lot of difference what the ruling purpose is. This is clearly shown in different types of

people we know. Run down the list of your acquaintances and discover for yourself. Whether we think of it or not, every one purposes in her heart. This purpose projects on the screen of life just what we are. This can be traced as the reel of days and years passes. There may be shown up joy, good deeds, a willing heart, helpfulness and many like characteristics. A good purpose lies behind. Reverse characteristics testify to a reverse purpose, faulty, even evil.

"Some men, like captains of ocean liners, know that there is a course marked out particularly for them and they are trying hard not to miss it; some like pleasure sailors out for fun, go any way as chance caprice suggests!

There are then two definite types of purpose, the active and the passive; the one magnifies its cause, the other has apparently no cause to uphold. We must realize that not all purposes that are strong are holy for there are those who defend very strongly wicked causes. Just say "boot-legger," law-breaker!" Everybody pictures the man and his purpose as one. Not all purposes that are passive are really bad but—just weak. Just what type of purpose rules us? Are we "captains of ocean liners" or "mere fun-seekers?

Loyalty to a cause stamps itself on the life. We have spoken of the law-breakers, and ignominious life. Now view true and definite purpose. Speak of '61, slavery and Lincoln come to mind. Africa and slave traffic and explorations call up the name of David Livingstone. The harnessing of electricty suggests the name of Edison and plant-development, Burbank. Cary and the beginning of modern missions are synonymous. The purpose is magnified.

The purpose that truly magnifies is one that uplifts not only the individual life, but the cause in which it is invested. When your name is mentioned, president, or other officer of the Missionary society or just a member of the society, what attaches to it? Is it faithfulness, promptness, hospitality, generosity, teachableness, interest, devotion, consecration? Or, is your Christian service so weak that it occasions not even a ripple? Does your life in society or your every day work outshine your Christian life? Paul determined to know but one thing,—"Christ and him crucified." Whenever Christian women determine to be true ambassadors for Christ, then may we expect not only the church and the missionary society to have their rightful place but the world itself will be uplifted. The purpose that magnifes, exalts Christ.

This month we are to hear from one of our special workers, Mrs. Eva Johnson-Adams, superintendent of our hospital at Henderson, N. C. It is to be hoped that you will read this in society meetings or better still, have some one tell it. You will then know something definite about the work of Mrs. Adams, one whose salary we are furnishing.—Editor.

"Jubilee Hospital stands just outside of the main campus of Henderson Institute, Henderson, North Carolina, owned and controlled by the Women's Board of the United Presbyterian church.

Everybody concedes the fact that the hospital is a God-send to this community for there are practically no other hospital accomodations for colored people within a radius of forty miles.

We have a department of Nurse training in connection with the hospital, but because of the size of our hospital we can take in training only a few of those who apply to us.

Our hospital is a splendid two story brick building with three private rooms, four wards, and operating room and Superintendent's office. There is a basement fitted up with dining room, kitchen and laundry. The building is heated with

steam and there is a four room one story building near by, the home of the nurses.

We can accommodate about fifteen patients and sometimes we have every place filled and have to put patients in the halls.

We had in training last year five nurses. One of those has graduated and is getting calls for more work than she can do.

The demand is so great that we are attempting to take in training now eight nurses. After our girls have been in training for a year or more, the doctors in the city and in the country for 15 or 20 miles away use them sometimes for three weeks or more to help nurse their patients back to health.

Some of the societies of the church remember us from time to time and send us gifts that can be used to good advantage.

Recently the Women's Board sent use a nice supply of blankets, sheets, gowns etc., from the hospital at Knoxville College. The sheets and gowns have certainly been appreciated.

The Duke foundation is making it possible for us to have two free beds. This is a great advantage to those who are not able to pay anything."

Methods

ALLEGHENY AND MONONGAHELA YOUNG WOMEN'S RALLY

The secretaries of these presbyterials. Mrs. Jane McGimpsey Yahn and Mrs. J. S. Milholland, very happily decided to hold a joint rally. It was held in the social room of Pittsburgh's million dollar Y. M. C. A. building. Supper was served to nearly two hundred. We were fortunate in having the presidents of both presbyterials present, two busy pastors' wives, Mrs. J. Alvin Orr and Mrs. George Long. Another pastor's wife, Mrs. Charles W. Fulton, gave the address of the evening on the topic, "The Young Women of Today and the Missionary Society." She gave a rapid review of Young Women's work, noting its gradual growth in number of societies, members and amount of money. But she asked the very pertinent question,—had the spiritual growth been maintained? It was most inspiring and heart-searching.

A conference asking and answering questions preceded the address. This also seemed to be worth while as conferences usually are, if the questions considered relate to the subject in hand.

The whole evening passed away quickly as no time was lost from the beginning of the reception hour 6 o'clock—until the close of the meeting,—9 o'clock.

Will not all presbyterials holding rallies or conferences for the young women please send in a short report of the same?

A nifty little program came to hand recently. It is home made. The cover is restful green in color, lettered in gold and tied with a golden shade of ribbon. The front page had pasted on it a scene from one of our mission stations. Any one can have such a picture for it is a "cut-out." The pages are typewritten. At each regular meeting, one note-worthy item is,—"Prayer Chain. Use Prayer Cycle."

This is a teen age circle and the main topic of the year is "Child-life as found in our mission fields."

Another feature, unique in character, is the Circle song found on the last page. Perhaps Miss Katharine

Boobyer, chairman of the program committee can answer any query you may propound. Her present address is Minteer Cottage, New Wilmington, Pa. Or, write the president, Miss Janet Maxwell, 1004 Biltmore Ave., Dormont, Pa.—Katherine is busy in *her first year in college.*

Another made by hand program comes from Coraopolis, Pa. Mrs. W. B. McDowell, 818 Ferree St., the president. The cover is tan and is tied with blue ribbon. Before you see the first words of the regular program, you will note on the first page a short sentence of just five words: "Please bring your Prayer Cycle." It looks like a good beginning does it not? One unusual feature is "Picture Night." A special committee called the picture committee, (whose names are printed on a page of the booklet) has this in charge. Of course the pictures will have to do with our mission fields. Another night offers a "Sealed Program" and the April meeting is to have an "Installation service." This last is quite new as the leaflet containing two or three kinds of services for installing officers is not long off the press. By way of remark, perhaps our officers would feel a more definite responsibility if they were formally installed. The Literature Department can furnish you the leaflet.

Conference and rally! Out in the mid-west, in a section where delegates must travel many miles by train or auto, the secretary of Young Women's societies is planning for a time to discuss methods and plans. This same presbyterial is to have presented "The Y. W. M. S. Service Station" by the young women. What societies can do out west can much more easily be done in our more compact east. Put on the "Service Station."

First Denver Y. W. Society, Miss Agnes McCallum, president, has sent out to each member a printed letter of greetings, a two page folder with letter on front page, a special appeal on the next two and the program of the opening meeting on the last page.

The greetings follow, signed by the president:—

"The Young Women's Missionary Society, First United Presbyterian Church, Fourteenth Avenue at Lincoln, Denver, Colorado.

Greetings for the year 1926-1927

The opening fall meeting of our Young Women's Missionary Society will be Monday evening, September the 13th at 6:30 o'clock.

An interesting program has been arranged and it is hoped that you as a member will make a special effort to be present. It is desired to make this part of the year's work the best it has ever been and this can only be accomplished through the co-operation of all members.

There are many things of importance to come before the Society this year, in which all should have a part in the decisions, so if possible please save the second Monday night of each month for these meetings.

Your help is needed and you will also be benefited."

One feature of the program is "Bible reading—Roll call response." Selections for this roll call to be found in Job, the 18th chapter to the end of the book.

Special call to faithfulness and loyalty is printed at close: "Why not—every member at every meeting." And we add *is there any good reason why not?*

Christ expects that every one who knows His love shall tell it. Christ claims that every one who is made partaker of His redemption shall yield himself as the first object of his existence, to live for the coming of His Kingdom—ANDREW MURRAY

Freedmen's Missions.

MRS. ADA KERR WILSON, Secretary, 1007 Trenton Ave., Wilkinsburg Pa.

While the results of the toronado which struck Florida, were not overwhelming in our Southern missions, yet we did not escape entirely and the injury done to some of our buildings and school campus will involve quite a bit of labor and expense.

A part of the roofing on the new school building at Camden, was torn off letting floods of water in. The rain came down in torrents and the terrific velocity of the wind drove it almost everywhere. Considerable glass was broken in the school windows and some of the fine old trees were blown down. A new roof is an immediate need and this alone will cost $900.00. We are thankful that no one was hurt by the storm though those on the ground, were much frightened."

The Camden Academy is one of our progressive schools and this year has published a Catalogue which is a credit to it. As this is one of the stations for which the W. G. M. S. is wholly responsible the Principal did not overlook this fact, and gave a page to the "Officers of the Board of Control," naming the President, Recording Secretary, Treasurer and Secretary of the work.

Canton Bend reports the hurricane which reached it, was the most severe gale ever experienced. It has had cyclones to pass within calling distance, but has never before been visited. While the buildings suffered some damage, the worst destruction came to the campus where eighteen fine trees were blown down. A fine grove of china-berry trees is ruined and it took a week to remove the wreckage.

Prairie reports the Cotton crop almost destroyed but no further damage except to crops of all kinds. A very wonderful gift in the shape of an A. B. Chase piano was sent to Prairie as a memorial to Mrs. Jennie Hastings Gillespie by Mr. T. J. Gillespie. Mrs. Gillespie was a former Junior Secretary and the Juniors erected the Jennie Hastings Gillespie school building at Prairie, as a tribute of love and as a Memorial to her. The piano coming as another memorial proves the "The good that men do lives after them" and not the evil. (Apologies to the immortal bard).

A teachers' conference was held at Prairie which was most helpful and inspiring. All Alabama stations except one took part. The farmer at Prairie says he has finished a general survey since the storm, which struck them pretty hard. It took half the cotton crop as toll and did considerable damage to some of the tenant houses; no one was hurt, damage to crops being the greatest loss.

A bit of history from a booklet received from Prairie might prove interesting: "The mission was founded thirty years ago. It has done a good work, which is evidenced by the successful work of many of its graduates. It is located in a healthful place, four miles from Catherine, Alabama, its nearest railroad station. The school offers a Junior High School course, instructions in plain sewing and dress making, instrumental music and practical agriculture. Every student is surrounded by the best possible Christian influence. All students in the Grammar department are charged $4.25 a year, tuition. In the intermediate and primary $2.15. School year is eight and one half months. Boarding at the rate of $2.50 a week."

At Henderson, North Carolina school opened on the seventh of September with the largest enrollment in the High School in its history. The outlook is good for a successful year as both faculty and students are showing a fine spirit and interest in their work.

Townsville, North Carolina expects a good year judging from conditions at present, though the farmers are very much upset at the low price of cotton. Sixty girls are in the sewing classes and they all seem interested in their work, which is encouraging to the teacher.

At Thyne Institute, Chase City, Virginia, work started very promisingly. The enrollment for September was 331,— 123 of whom are in the High School; 105 are boarding students, more than usual at the beginning. A new domestic science teacher Miss Ethel Mae Thompson, gives promise of splendid work and when she received the necessary articles of equipment, which have been promised, much is looked forward to in the way of a first class domestic science training. The sewing teacher at Thyne is doing good work and would like "*quilt patches*" as a contribution to her department. She received some patches from Iowa and has already two orders for quilts. The girls under her are "very dear and eager to learn."

In view of the fact that the Freedmen's Work is one of our large departments and that we as auxiliaries of the Women's General Missionary Societies are responsible for $3000.00 *a month for salaries alone,* may I urge from societies larger contributions in the future. The work is worth while. We are our brother's keeper whether the skin is black, white, red, brown or yellow. Pray for these missions and as you pray get the vision of the great need.

Junior Department.

MRS. W. R. McMUNN, Secretary, 302 Hastings Ave., Oakdale, Pa.

Mention was made of a contest that the Juniors of Kansas City, Kansas, were having in the interest of their Thank-Offering. A letter recently received from Mrs. J. B. Clyde says "We now want to tell you the results of that Thank-Offering automobile race which ended last Sabbath. Mrs. F. Rollwagen, Junior Superintendent, set the goal at $50. The total received was $55. There was friendly rivalry between the group of second year Junior boys and the graduating class of girls. The boys were sure they would win first place. They missed by only a few cents. The girls had $15.59 and the boys $15.30. Another group of five girls had $10.44. Mrs. Rollwagen intends to continue the plan, this time to raise money for our Junior Special Fund and missions. It was interesting to hear how the children got the money. "Helped Mother." "Saved week's spending money." "Cleaned yards." "Hauled tin cans." etc. If the church could only keep the children interested in giving to the cause of missions as they go on into the Intermediate and older societies, was a power they would be! At our August meeting a Bible book mark with the Beatitudes was offered for ones able *to tell* something they had read in the July Junior Missionary Magazine. Seven won: Each one gave a different item. Two girls had planned to act out "The Lord's Prayer." (given in the July magazine). We will try this again to keep the children interested in their magazine. This month we had a handkerchief shower. The 63 handkerchiefs are being sent to Emma Dean Anderson in India. Next month we start on the new study book, "Two Young Arabs." This society is very much alive. They have our best wishes for continued success.

The Juniors of Ottawa Kansas,

whose leader Mrs. H. E. Lobaugh expected to go to Gorei, Abyssinia this fall, but could not because of the financial condition of the Foreign Board, have sent to Gorei some gifts they had expected Mrs. Lobaugh to take out with her. They are now having a contest in reading Thank-Offering Literature and are enjoying it a lot.

The Thirty-Fourth Annual Rally of the Junior Societies of Allegheny, Chartiers, Monongahela and Westmoreland Presbyteries was held on Saturday September 25, in the Mt. Lebanon Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. The day was stormy but the attendance was excellent and the children were well behaved and attentive. In the morning there was an address of welcome by a Mt. Lebanon Junior which was responded to by a Junior from Avalon. Miss Annetta Little gave a 407 Map Talk, and Mrs. W. T. Lytle an Object Talk, both of which were very much enjoyed by the children. In the afternoon the new Life Members were introduced and each one received a pretty pink badge. The Juniors of the 6th Church Pittsburgh gave the little exercise "Junior Magazine, Whoop it Up." Mrs. Dwight Fee gave an address about Egypt illustrating her remarks by showing a variety of objects of dress etc. used by the women and children in that country. This was most interesting to all the Juniors. Banners for the highest average attendance for 10 months were awarded to Avalon whose average attendance was 91% and to Brookline whose average was 82%. Banners for the highest percent increase in membership were awarded to Homewood whose average was 59% and to Aspinwall with an average of 26%. The Banner for highest per cent of membership attending the rally was awarded to the 5th N. S. Pittsburgh. The percent was 88. All the Orphan's Home children attend this society and all of them were present. We are not able as we had hoped, to give an account of the Rally of the Juniors of Rock Island Presbytery.

Foreign Missions

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary, 340 S. Hiland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Letters from India report unusually excessive rains. Sialkot Memorial Hospital was really flooded and a great deal of damage has resulted. The wall in the rear of the hospital, sixty feet long and six feet high has completely fallen down, and all the servants houses but one, and that one is in bad need of repair. The water was six inches deep on the first floor of the Hospital and also on the floor of the Elizabeth Gordon Home, across the street. The most of the missionaries were away on vacation at the time, so that great personal loss has resulted, as trunks, contents of bags, drawers, etc., were all badly injured by water.

The Mission, for several years back, has been trying to secure a new site for the Sialkot Memorial Hospital. It was at first suggested that the sale of the present property would result in enough money to buy a new site and put up the necessary buildings, without any expense to the Board. Property values have changed since, so that the Mission now thinks this would be impossible. They have had a committee on site for years and last year found a location of six to eight acres which they considered very desireable. It would cost thirty-five thousand dollars. The old site cannot be sold until the new buildings are erected. We had no money and consequently

were compelled, very relunctantly, to refuse to send the purchase money for the new site.

At the beginning of the New World Movement it was decided that if anything occurred in the work of any of our fields that would make some object not included in the survey more desirable and necessary than some things that were included in the survey, a substitution could be had. That is to say, the most needy and most desirable thing could be built with the money. We wrote to the Mission and at the recent annual meeting this phase of the matter will probably be considered. We did not agree to the sale of the property upon which the Elizabeth Gordon Home was located, because that ground was given to us by Dr. Maria White. It was a gift to her from a grateful patient and, after waiting the legal time, she made the deed to the Board of Directors of the Women's General Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of North America. Having received it in this fashion, we did not see our way clear to sell it for anything, but now that it is being flooded annually, resulting in loss of property and personal effects and making annual repairs necessary and also compelling the missionaries to live in a damp house, we are seriously considering the advisability of selling the whole plant. It looks to us, from recent letters, as if the Lord were *compelling* us to find a new site for the Sialkot Memorial Hospital. Will every reader of this article pray that the Lord's plan may be made very plain to us and that the necessary funds will be in hand so that the hospital work may not be delayed?

In this connection it might be interesting to state that Dr. Maria White is in Clifton Springs Sanitarium, New York. She has had several nasal and throat operations since her return and is at the above place as the guest of a member of a Buffalo congregation. She is getting well built up physically before she sails, (D. V.), on November twenty-fourth. Pray that this veteran missionary, consecrated and generous, may long be spared to continue the work in India, which is so dear to her heart.

Abyssinia, also, is suffering from excessive rainfall. In Addis Ababa the rainfall during the month of August was thirteen inches. The rain commenced in March and continued up until the thirty-first of August, the date of our last letter.

There were two wells put down at Addis Ababa, the first for use of the Hospital. It was found in dry season that one was hardly sufficient, and after the residences and the Girls' School building were put up, it was entirely inadequate. The second well was therefore dug, so that there would be an ample supply of water for all our buildings. Rev. Fred L. Russell writes that the excessive rains caused the sides of this well to fall in, leaving a hole nine yards in diameter and seven yards deep, and no water for any of the buildings except the hospital. When this second well was dug the soil was taken and spread around to make a terrace upon which the buildings were erected, so that there is no available soil to fill this large hole. You might suppose that soil obtained from the digging of a new well could fill up the old one, but the ground is so wet that it is impossible and dangerous to attempt to dig a well at the present time. It is going to cost quite a lot of money to fill up the hole and later, after the ground has dried sufficiently, to sink a new well. We have no money in our treasury for this purpose, as the cost of the George Memorial Hospital Building and equipment has not yet been fully met. There is a spring at the top of the hill in the rear of our buildings and that, if piped down, would give ample supply of water for everything, but that would require a great deal more money than to sink a well.

Pray that divine wisdom may be given the Board and its missionaries so that the Lord's plan may be carried out in every detail.

The Rev. Reid F. Shields was obliged to leave for health reasons, the high altitude having affected his heart, so that the Rev. Fred L. Russell is now located at Addis Ababa as Secretary and Treasurer of the Mission.

Miss McMillan reports that the Mary Clokey Porter School at Tanta, Egypt was moved over into the new building in June, in order that the pupils might get accustomed to the new location before commencement Workmen were all around, six or seven different sets, but still the pupils, missionaries and teachers were glad to go. She speaks enthusiastically of the building and especially of the beautiful, new rugs which have come to her in sufficient quantity to supply almost all the carpets needed.

A cable was received at the Foreign Board offices sometime ago, stating that the vessel upon which the entire equipment for the Mary Clokey Porter Girls' Boarding School had been sent had been stranded on some rocks and that they were having great difficulty in getting off. You will be glad to learn that the ship was gotten off the rocks and very little, if any. of our furniture was damaged. Miss McMillan reports that over two hundred different boxes of crated furniture had been received in very good condition. Had it all been lost, we would not have lost a dollar, because it was fully insured, but it would have delayed the equipment and possibly the opening of the school, which was planned to occur on the tenth of September. As soon as we receive reports of the opening they will be printed in the Magazine.

Miss McMillan has had no vacation, but is working hard during all the hot season to get the school finished and completed and ready for this wonderful opening, after nearly fifteen years of planning and praying and looking forward to it. We are so thankful that our prayers have been heard and answered that this school may be opened and dedicated to the service of the Lord free of any financial encumbrances. Pray that it may be a bright light in a dark city, showing hundreds and hundreds the way of Everlasting Life.

A letter from Miss Elsie Grove from Khartum North gives some very interesting information. You will remember that a good while ago the Sudan sent us plans for an addition to that school building which would cost seventy-five thousand dollars. As we did not have the money, you know what was done with the request. The survey sent to the Board for use in the New World Movement asked for thirty-two thousand dollars for our work in the Sudan. As only two-thirds of the money was received, we just had two-thirds of thirty-two thousand dollars, or about twenty-two thousand dollars. Four thousand dollars of this money was used to buy additional land, as the Mission desired. That left eighteen thousand dollars. The money was invested while we were waiting for the action from the Mission, so that we were able last spring to notify the Mission that if they chose to put up an addition costing twenty-thousand dollars, the money would be granted. The Mission very gladly accepted the proposition and the work has been commenced and is fast nearing completion. Dr. Sowash came on furlough and that left Miss Grove and Mr. Reed on the ground to superintend the addition to the building. Mr. Reed was away for a short vacation and very busy trying to arrange for the work of the Foreign Board on a cut budget so that he had little time to look at the building, so Miss Grove had to give up vacation and give up almost her entire time to contractors, plans, etc.

It might be interesting to note that

the twenty thousand dollars would amount to L. E. 3960. Miss Grove sends such a nice statement concerning the estimates that I think I will let you read it:

Excavation	L. E.	3.500
Concrete foundation		50.000
Brick work on walls		480.000
Slab concrete roof		330.000
Iron girders		40.000
Tiles for floors		95.000
Concrete for floors		21.000
Sand filling		27.000
Plaster for walls		60.000
Color wash for walls		15.000
First floor and stairway		1120.000
Veranda with arches		1000.000
Total estimate of masons	L. E.	3241.500
Doors, windows and set-in cupboards		200.000
Roof of veranda woodwork		186.000
Bath room with all fixtures		40.000
Total	L. E.	3667.500

This does not include everything, the painting of the doors and woodwork, the rubberoid for the wooden floors of the verandas and other little things for which no estimate has been given.

You can see from the foregoing that Miss Grove is keeping things well within the amount of money granted.

Perhaps a word about walls might be interesting. It is necessary in an oriental country to have walls all around all buildings, especially where women and girls reside. When Mrs. Hill and I were over there the school had a brick wall around it about three feet high with three or four feet of wire at the top of that. It was soon discovered that the wire was no protection, for men passing by talked through the wire to our girls. Then the teachers put up matting inside of the wire. The matting, too, proved inadequate, because the passersby just punched holes through it and talked to the girls. The missionaries requested us to allow a six foot brick wall to be built all around, which we did. That explains all that you read about walls and plastering of walls and color wash for walls, etc.

There is no sewer system, as we understand it, on the property, so a septic tank is very necessary for sanitary reasons. That will cost about L. E. 160, and Miss Grove thinks there will be enough left of the money granted for the building to put that in also. As soon as the building is completed photographs will be sent us, which will be printed in the Magazine that all our women may see for themselves what has been done with the money entrusted to the Board and to the Mission.

A very interesting item in this same letter is as follows:—"The furnishings for a sewing room are all ready, having been provided by the parents of some our girls. These friends have provided two hand machines and one foot sewing machine, tables, chairs and cupboards for the room. I should like to have some kind of an opening and have those invited, who helped. I believe it would encourage them to do more. Some of them have been most kind. They have been helping me with the buying of wheat, seeing that I got full measure and clean wheat, and they offered to help in other things, for which I am deeply grateful."

Pray that this school may be found adequate for the work and that the missionaries may not be compelled to refuse pupils for lack of room, and that all who come may be so influenced by the Holy Spirit that they will give their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Miss MacKenzie was allowed by the Sudan Mission to go to Scotland at her own expense, on account of health. She was at a sanitarium for awhile, but afterward was able to go to the Keswick Convention. We asked her to have a health examination and have the physician's certificate after receiving it. We think it best for her and for the work to ask

her to come to America for a time. She seems to be suffering from a complete nervous breakdown. Pray that she may speedily be restored to normal health so that the work she loves so well and in which she is so capable may not suffer by her absence.

Pray for an outpouring of the Spirit of our whole Church and a corresponding outpouring of gifts into the treasuries of the congregations, that all the Boards of the Church may be relieved from financial embarrassment.

It is hardly necessary to repeat in the Magazine that every woman of every congregation should first do her share as an individual toward the expenses of the congregation and the maintenance of the Boards of the General Assembly. Then, and then only, is she competent to belong to a Missionary Society. The Charter of the Women's General Missionary Society and the Constitutions of the Missionary Societies declare that all the money raised must be used *only* for work undertaken by the Women's General Missionary Society, therefore it is illegal and not honest to take any of the Missionary Society money for any work anywhere except that undertaken by the Women's General Missionary Society and for which the women of the Church are solely responsible.

In the report of the Foreign Board to the General Assembly, in May, 1926, the amount expended by the Board was $699 297.00. The same report from its Treasurer, Mr. Latimer, declares that in addition the Women's Board paid in $355,445.00 for their special work. You can readily see that we must conserve the money of the Missionary Societies for the objects for which they are responsible, viz., at present writing, the entire support of one hundred and fifty missionaries, one hundred and thirty Bible women, forty-three buildings and institutions in India, nineteen in Egypt, four in the Sudan and three in Abyssinia. Our only support and help is from the Lord Himself, through the members of the Missionary Societies. We know that they will faithfully adhere to their constitutional obligations and see it that the work of the Women's General Missionary Society shall not be reduced or embarrased in any way.

Pray that the Thank-Offering may be the best ever.

Pray that the presence and power of the Holy Spirit may be very manifest to all our Presbyterial gatherings.

Pray that the membership or the Missionary Societies may be largely increased and also the subscribers to both our Magazines.

Pray that the Lord will send comfort and peace to those who have been so recently bereaved, especially to widows and fatherless children.

Pray that Dr. W. B. Anderson's health may be speedily restored and that all the efforts of all the Boards of the General Assembly may be so blessed that their financial embarrassment will be ended.

Lake Presbyterial has a Presbyterial Bible Reading Secretary, Miss Anna B. Love, who has stirred up great interest in Bible reading.

Though her efficient methods, the auxiliaries were stimulated to "Search the Scriptures" and their cooperation and interest have been heartening.

A new Bible Reading course under Miss Ida B. Little will begin in the Womens Missionary Magazine in January.

Indian Department.

MISS JENNIE B. WALLACE, Secretary, 349 Henry Ave., Sewickley, Pa.

A THANKSGIVING DAY EXPERIENCE

By Rev. W. A. Matthews, Simnasho, Ore.

The morning of Thanksgiving Day proved to be a rather disagreeable one. It had rained most of the night and in the morning the wind shifted to the north-east. Quite early it was evident that over the foothills snow was falling, and soon in the valley as well, large, wet snow-flakes were mingling with the rain.

Ever since the first cold weather of the autumn poor old Lucy Namnahacket had been the subject of much thought on the part of the missionaries. Several times during this period we had found her all alone in an old teepee, without fire and with little or no food. The weather was biting too, and both her clothing and bed-covering were scant. We learned that she had been left thus alone in her helpless condition for periods of from twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

And this was Thanksgiving Day. What would this day mean to poor old Lucy? We had learned that the grandson and the daughter-in-law upon whom Lucy depended for care, had been planning to attend a wedding-feast twenty-five miles away. Had Lucy been left alone again?

Well the only way to do was to visit the home, six or seven miles away, and find out. Accordingly a dinner consisting of roast beef, bread, crackers and cheese, cake, doughnuts and apples was prepared and placed in a basket. Coffee, sugar, and a coffee-pot were taken along, too. When the place was reached it was found to be deserted. No doubt the inhabitants had gone to the wedding-feast, but this time they had taken old Lucy with them.

On the way we had met a young Indian and his wife. We knew that the old mother of that particular Indian was a part of that household. Had these left home for the day or perhaps longer, leaving the old mother alone? Perhaps the dinner prepared for old Lucy would bring a bit of cheer to this poor old soul. So we drove three miles farther on to this home. The house here was empty also, and we were about to turn homeward when we noticed a smoke coming from the poorest kind of an old teepee. Here we found the old woman huddled beside a smouldering fire, shivering with the cold. My companion on this trip was Mr. Drake, government farmer here, a kind Christian man. As we looked into the face of this old neglected woman Mr. Drake's remark was "Thank God I was not born an Indian."

So this old woman, bent with age and crippled with rheumatism, the widow of an Indian who aided the whites as a scout in the Modoc war, got the dinner prepared for Lucy Namnahacket. She couldn't tell us in English that she was glad for she knows no English. But she did tell us in her own language, and the expression on her face told us, and we knew and were glad too, glad that we had come, though the storm was disagreeable and the roads very bad, glad that we were able to bring this bit of cheer, and thankful above measure that we were not born Indians.

"Thanksgiving Gates" a simple but beautiful pageant by Mrs. Cronk, to be had from the Lutheran Board, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa. is highly recommended by Mrs. McBurney of Cambridge, Ohio for a special Thanksgiving service.

Temperance and Reform

MRS. HARRIET BOOBYER, Secretary, 1470 Alabama Ave., Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ENCOURAGING NEWS

The United States Senate Judiciary Sub-Committee, empowered to conduct the wet and dry hearing, makes the following report:—"It is the opinion of this committee that the 18th Amendment to the United States Constitution is both morally right and economically wise. It is the duty of every officer, Legislative, Executive and Judicial to aid in its enforcement."

On July 8th, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in New York decided that there is no 12 mile limit for American ships. "An American ship on the high seas retains her allegiance to the United States. It is quite well recognized that every nation has the right to bind its own subjects to its own laws in every place." Dry officials are much pleased with this decision and look forward to increased success in the war against rum running.

Surveying the political situation over the country in regard to the prohibition issue, Wayne B. Wheeler says that in thirty states where primaries have been held, 75% of the House and more than 80% of the Senatorial candidates in territories where nomination virtually means election, favor maintenance and enforcement of prohibition. "In November another test of sentiment will be made in the election and we predict a similar result *if the drys are alert.*"

Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney General in charge of prohibition prosecutions gives the following comparisons of the convictions and fines of the years 1922 and 1925, showing that Prohibition is being enforced. "In 1922, 20.000 convictions and $4,000.000 in fines; In 1925, 37,000 convictions and $7,681,-000 in fines."

Secretary Mellon, considered conservative in his statements, is quoted as saying that less illict liquor is being consumed in this country, that practically none is being smuggled across the Canadian border, and that all importations have been substantially reduced, the main source of supply for bootleggers being alcohol illegally diverted from industrial uses. These improvements have followed the changes in the administration of the prohibition law and the conclusion of agreements with foreign governments whereby they cooperate in preventing illegal activities by their citizens.

A year ago there were eighty large ships anchored off New York with cargoes of liquor which they transshipped to small rum-runners. The coast guard has waged such ceasless and effective warfare on "Rum Row," that on the same date this summer, only two vessels were anchored there, and they were so closely guarded that not a single case could be unloaded. During the year, 37,000 boats were boarded, for examination and over 1000 prizes, ships smuggling liquor, were captured.

Mr. Will Hayes, overseer of the Moving Picture Industry has forbidden the presentation of any scenes where drinking parties are pictured. The General Federation of Women's Clubs withdrew from the Public Relations Committee of the Motion Pictures Producers of America, the President, Mrs. J. B. Sherman, giving the reason, "When the industry sees fit to withdraw a number of most objectional films now being shown, it will go a long way toward establishing a greater degree of confidence in the oft-repeated statement that the industry is doing all it can to raise the standard of motion pictures."

A communication from President Coolidge's summer White House says that the budget recommendations for 1928 will provide for an appropiation for prohibition enforcement greatly in excess of the amount expended this year to uphold the Volstead Act. Henry W. Farnam, Professor Emeritus of Economics, Yale University says "It sounds like a big figure to say it is going to cost 25 million dollars for the present year to enforce Prohibition, but this applies to a population of 113 million and amounts to 22 cents per head."

"The *Literary Digest* recently conducted two questionnaires touching the influence of prohibition on college students. One was addressed to the presidents of the colleges, and the other to the student editors of college papers. The colleges answering, 213 in all, represents one third of the colleges in the country in 44 states. They were all classes, large and small, religious and state institutions. With but one or two exceptions they testified that drinking among college students had decreased under Prohibition. One hundred editors answered and only six reported any increase. However, the college presidents have been in their positions for years and can intelligently compare the past and pre-prohibition conditions, while student editors can speak from the experience of only three or four years at most."

—*United Presbyterian*

The Clip Sheet, "Ammunition for the Campaign," gives the following which our women would do well to ponder, "We used to sing in the old saloon days, the pathetic song which so many women understood, "Father dear Father, come home with me now." We no longer need serenade Father, but our song today is a chorus, "Mother, dear Mother, come out to the polls."

The leaflet "What Can I Do," is now in pageant form, and is suitable for any Temperance and Reform program. Order it, together with all other literature, from the Literature Department.

Literature Department

MISS ELIZABETH MILLIGAN, Secretary,
904 Publication Bldg., 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

DENOMINATIONAL HOME STUDY BOOKS

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Suggestions to Leaders. 15c.

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INTERDENOMINATIONAL STUDY COURSES

1926-1927

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(Senior)

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Posters for "Moslem Women," 35c. a set.

Large Map of Moslem World; in three colors. 60c.

"World Friendship Pictures," four in set, in colors. 75c.

(Junior)

"Two Young Arabs." Paper only, 50c.

How to Use "Two Young Arabs." 15c.

Poster Patterns for "Two Young Arabs." 50c.

Picture Sheets "Life in Moslem Lands," 25c.

(Young People)

"Young Islam on Trek." Cloth, $1.00; paper, 60c.

How to Use "Young Islam." 15c.

Large Outline Map of Moslem World. 25c.

New Leaflets

Christian Homes among Moslems ..... 3c.
Fatma, At School ..... 3c.
Timothy, A Servant of Jesus Christ ..... 3c.
A Visit to My Old Home ..... 3c.
Padri Abdul Haqq ..... 3c.
First Fruits—Four of the Forty-four .. 3c.
The above set of six leaflets, 15c.

The following set of seven leaflets are 25c. Sold only by the set:—

Only a house
The Daughters of Ishmael
Village of Mother-of-the-twins
The Mission launch.
Things as They Are Not in Arabia
Blind Houses
Moonlight on the Desert

The following supplies are fine helps for Junior leaders. We do not keep them in stock but will order on request:—

Books:
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Friends of the Caravan Trail .... 50c.
Pageants:
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Children of India Post Card Book 60c.
Near East painting book ..... 25c.

The above books, games and painting books are appropriate Christmas gifts for children.

For list of Moslem leaflets of our own publication, see October Magazine.

Pageants

Daulate's Victory ..... 10c.
Is It Nothing to You? ..... 10c.
The Fountain of Youth ..... 3c.
The Ring of Rama Krishniah ..... 25c.
The Sale of the World's Children ..... 15c.
Over the Hills and Far Away ..... 15c.

The Prayer Cycle for 1927 will be ready for Christmas. Try to get orders in early.

MRS. JOHN F. BLACK

MRS. J. F. BLACK
Waterloo, Iowa

On July 26, 1926, Mrs. Anna W. Black, wife of Rev. John F. Black, pastor of the United Presbyterian congregation of Barclay Iowa, departed this life.

Her whole life was one of faith and good works. She was greatly interested in the missionary activities of the church. She lifted up her eyes, however, not alone upon fields abroad that were white unto harvest, but upon fields that were just at hand. She labored to bring souls to Christ and to promote interest and activity in her own congregation. The enthusiasm and hopefulness of youth never left her.

In public address she spoke with great distinctness of enunciation so that even dull ears could get her message. As a worker in the Presbyterial Missionary Society she was efficient and in 1923 the Women's General Missionary Convention honored itself when it made her its Second Vice President. Mrs. Black will be greatly missed in the community where she lived, for she had a large circle of friends, as was attested by the crowds which thronged the church upon the day of her funeral. She will be missed in her own congregation and Presbytery but most of all she will be missed in the home. Though she has gone from the presence of her friends upon earth her influence will abide.

PRESENT ADDRESS OF MISSIONARIES SUPPORTED BY THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND DATE OF APPOINTMENT

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881 .....Gurdaspur
Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1924 .....Gujranwala
Miss Agnes Ballantyne, 1925 .....Sialkot
Miss Roma Beatty, 1909 .....
Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908 .....Gujranwala
Miss Rebecca Jean Black, 1921 .....Sangla Hill
Miss Lois Boyd, 1918 .....Sialkot
Miss Theresa Brownlee, 1922 .....Badomali
Miss Lois Buchanan, 1910 .....
Miss Mary Evelyn Cathcart, 1925 .....Sialkot
Miss Henrietta Cowden, 1905 .....Sialkot
Miss Laurella Dickson, 1897 .....Pasrur
Miss Margaret Fehlman, 1913 .....Gurdaspur
Miss Bessie Fleming, 1913 .....Sargodha
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1893 .....Campbellpur
Miss Nancy Hadley, 1904 .....Zafarwal
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R. N., 1924 .....Jhelum
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896 .....Sargodha
Miss Zarra S. Hoon, 1921 .....Rawalpindi
Miss Flora E. Hormel, R. N., 1925 .....Sialkot
Miss Janette Howland, 1921 .....Lyallpur
Dr. Reba C. Hunsberger, 1921 .....Sialkot
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903 .....Sangla Hill
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904 .....Pasrur
Miss Olive Laing, 1921 .....Sialkot City
Miss Mary A. Lawrence, 1893 .....
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891 .....Jhelum
Miss E. Josephine Martin, 1896 .....Pathankot
Miss Fannie C. Martin, 1895 .....Gurdaspur
Miss Maude Mitchell Miller, 1925 .....Sialkot
Miss Henrietta Moore, 1898 .....Pathankot
Miss Sara Moore, 1917 .....Sangla Hill
Miss Esther Moyer, 1924 .....Lyallpur
Miss Jean B. Morrison, 1895 .....Abbottabad
Miss Margaret L. Murdoch, 1924 .....Sargodha
Miss Elizabeth McCahon, 1875 .....Sialkot City
Miss Rose A. McCullough, 1879 .....Gujranwala
Miss Janet E. Nesbit, 1925 .....Gujranwala
Miss Viola May Nourse, R. N., 1923 ....Sialkot City
Miss Edith A. Pratt, 1926 .....
Miss Willa Ramsey, 1921 .....Pathankot
Dr. Faith W. Reed, 1926 .....
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924 .....Badomali
Miss Louise Scott, 1916 .....
Dr. J. P. Simpson, 1920 .....Jhelum
Miss Kate E. Spencer, 1918 .....Sargodha
Miss Emma M. Stauffer, R. N., 1925 .....Sialkot
Miss Lorena B. Taylor, 1922 .....Sangla Hill
Miss Vivian L. Trimble, 1921 .....Shiekhupura
Miss Evelyn Tromans, 1923 .....Pasrur
Miss Edna Ward, 1923 .....Sargodha
Miss Ruth A. Warnock, 1913 .....Pasrur
Miss Josephine White, 1884 .....Rawalpindi
Miss Carrie Worman, 1921 .....Campbellpur

HONORARY MISSIONARY

Miss Mary J. Campbell, Lal Bagh, Lucknow, India

ON FURLOUGH IN IRELAND

Miss Eleanor W. Maconachie, 1909 .....
The Manse, Hollywood, County Down, Ireland

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Helen Artman, 1920 .....Pulaski, Pa.
Miss Hannah H. Beale, 1920 .....
.....3611 Greenview Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Kathryn Beattie, 1920, Shannon City, Iowa
Miss Minnie Beatty, 1912, R. F. D. 4, Chicora, Pa.
Miss Edna Broyles, 1919 .....Sedalia, Missouri
Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922, ...Bisbee, N. D.
Miss Florence Jones, R. N., 1920 .....
%Mrs. Amalong, 443 Ella St., Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Miss Mary F. Lincoln, R. N., 1919 .....
.....1502 Penn Ave., Wichita, Kansas
Miss Mary R. Martin, 1890, %R. W. Thompson, D. D., 1529 Harrison Ave., Des Moines, Ia.
Miss Lillian McConnell, 1902 .....Stuttgart, Ark.
Miss Georgia Wengart, 1919, Blue Mound, Kansas
Maria White, M. D., 1886 .....
.....314 Boyles Ave., New Castle, Pa.
Miss Dora B. Whitely, 1911 .....
227 North Jefferson St., Canonsburg, Pa.
Miss Cynthia Wilson, 1875 ....Pasadena, California
Miss Rosa T. Wilson, 1886 .....
36 North Chester Ave., Pasadena, California
Miss Gertrude Zink, 1919 .....
.....1715 Meadville St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

EGYPT

Miss Mildred Allison, 1926 .....
Miss Margaret Bell .....
Miss Ida Cabeen, 1909 .....Alexandria
Miss Jean S. Campbell, 1923 .....Luxor
*Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1918 .....Cairo
Miss Mary F. Dawson, 1922 .....Cairo
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926 .....Cairo
Mrs. Sara M. Eby, 1926 .....
Miss Gudrum C. Estvad, 1925 .....Cairo
Miss Davida Finney, 1914 .....Assiut
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894 .....Tanta
Miss Alta Grace French, 1925 .....Cairo
Miss Elsie French, 1909 .....Zagazig
Miss Martha Glass, 1921 .....Assiut
Miss Alice Grimes, 1924 .....Cairo
Miss May Holland, 1913 .....Benha
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926 .....
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921 .....Alexandria
Miss Dora Mason, 1918 .....
Miss Helen J. Martin, 1914 .....Cairo
Miss E. Roxie Martin, 1901 .....Cairo
Miss Sara B. Meloy, 1923 .....Tanta
Miss Jeannette McCrory, 1916 .....Benha
Miss Carol McMillan, 1906 .....Tanta
Miss Lillian McClelland, 1923 .....Monsurah
Miss Evelyn McFarland, 1919 .....
Miss Helen Noordewier, 1921 .....Beni Suef
Miss Frances M. Patton, 1922 .....Monsurah
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924 .....Cairo
Miss Mary Estelle Robertson, 1922 .....Cairo
Miss Rachel Tracy Seiver, 1925 .....Cairo
Miss Jane C. Smith, 1922 .....Cairo
Miss Margaret A. Smith, 1872 .....Cairo
Miss Marie F. Tait, 1925 .....Cairo
Miss Anna Y. Thompson, 1871 .....Cairo
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917 .....Assiut
Miss Elizabeth S. White, 1924 .....Zagazig
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904 .....Luxor
Miss Ethel Weed, 1919 .....
Miss Ida B. Whiteside, 1924 .....Luxor
Miss Ruth Mary Williamson, 1924 .....Cairo
Miss Esther Wilson, 1919 .....
Miss Margaret Work, 1924 .....Beni Suef
Miss Ruth Work, 1904 .....Assiut
Miss Laura B. Wright, 1921 .....Fayoum

NOW ON FURLOUGH IN SCOTLAND

Miss Rena Hogg, 1896, ...
....16 Leven Terrace, Edinburgh, Scotland

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911 .....Buhl, Minn.
Dr. Carrie M. Buchanan, 1893, ...Lowell, Indiana
Miss Anna B. Criswell, 1905 .....Clarinda, Ia.
Miss Lucia Dwight, 1919 .....
.....807 S. 19th St., St. Joseph, Missouri
Miss Dora Giffen, 1920 .....New Concord, Ohio
Miss Alfretta Hammond, 1904 .....
.....State Hospital, Warren, Pa.
Miss Isabel Hosack, R. N., 1912 .....Mercer, Pa.
13247 Euclid Ave., Suite 4, Cleveland, Ohio
*Miss Marion Paden, 1920, %Mrs. D. C. Wills
13247 Euclid Ave., Suite 4, Cleveland, Ohio
Miss Edna B. Sherriffs, 1920 R. R., Norwalk, Ia.

SUDAN

Miss Mary Cole, 1919 .....Wadi Halfa
Miss Una Cole, 1918 .....Wadi Halfa
Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912 .....Khartum North
Miss Mary Frances Herron, 1922 Khartum North
Miss Ray Huffman, R. N. 1924 .....Nasser
Miss Marguerite McClellan, 1926 .....
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922, Khartum North
*Miss Aulora McIntyre, 1919 .....Khartum North
Miss Kathryn MacKenzie, 1919 ....Khartum North
Miss Madeline E. Wilson, 1924 ....Khartum North

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Luella Denny, 1922 .....
.....920 S. 12th., Canon City, Colorado
Miss C. Blanche Soule, R. N., 1921 .....
6717 Cresheim Rd. Pelham, Philadlephia, Pa.
Miss Frances Turk, 1921 .....Loveland, Colorado
*Re-Appointed

ABYSSINIA

Miss Viola May Bayne, R. N., 1924 .....Gorei
Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R. N. 1920 .....Addis Ababa
Miss Isabel Blair, 1922 .....Sayo
Miss Florence Davidson, 1922 .....Addis Ababa
Miss Hazel Ewing, R. N., 1923, ...Addis Ababa
Miss Elizabeth McKibben, 1924 .....Sayo
Miss Viola M. Painter, 1926 .....
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Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker, 1923 .....Gorei

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.....Coraopolis, Pa.
Miss Sara E. Loucks, ...
.....724 Connecticut Ave., Gary, Ind.
Miss Ella Montgomery, ... Route 4. Mansfield, Ohio
Miss May Winter, ...Oklahoma Presbytery, Okla.
Miss Elizabeth McMillan, ...Bristol, Colo.
Miss Laura Sawhill, E. 2324 Boone Ave.,
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1300 McAlister St., San Francisco, Cal.
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Miss Helen R. Whitney, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Ruth Tinker .....Frenchburg, Ky.
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Miss May Beveridge .....Frenchburg, Ky.
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Miss Elizabeth Duff, ...Ezel, Ky.
Miss Ruth Bemis, ...Ezel, Ky.
Miss Helen Weede, ...Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gladys Gray, ...Ezel, Ky.
Miss Martha Wright, ...Ezel, Ky.
Miss Ruth Roberts .....Ezel, Ky.
Miss Esther Dill .....Ezel, Ky.

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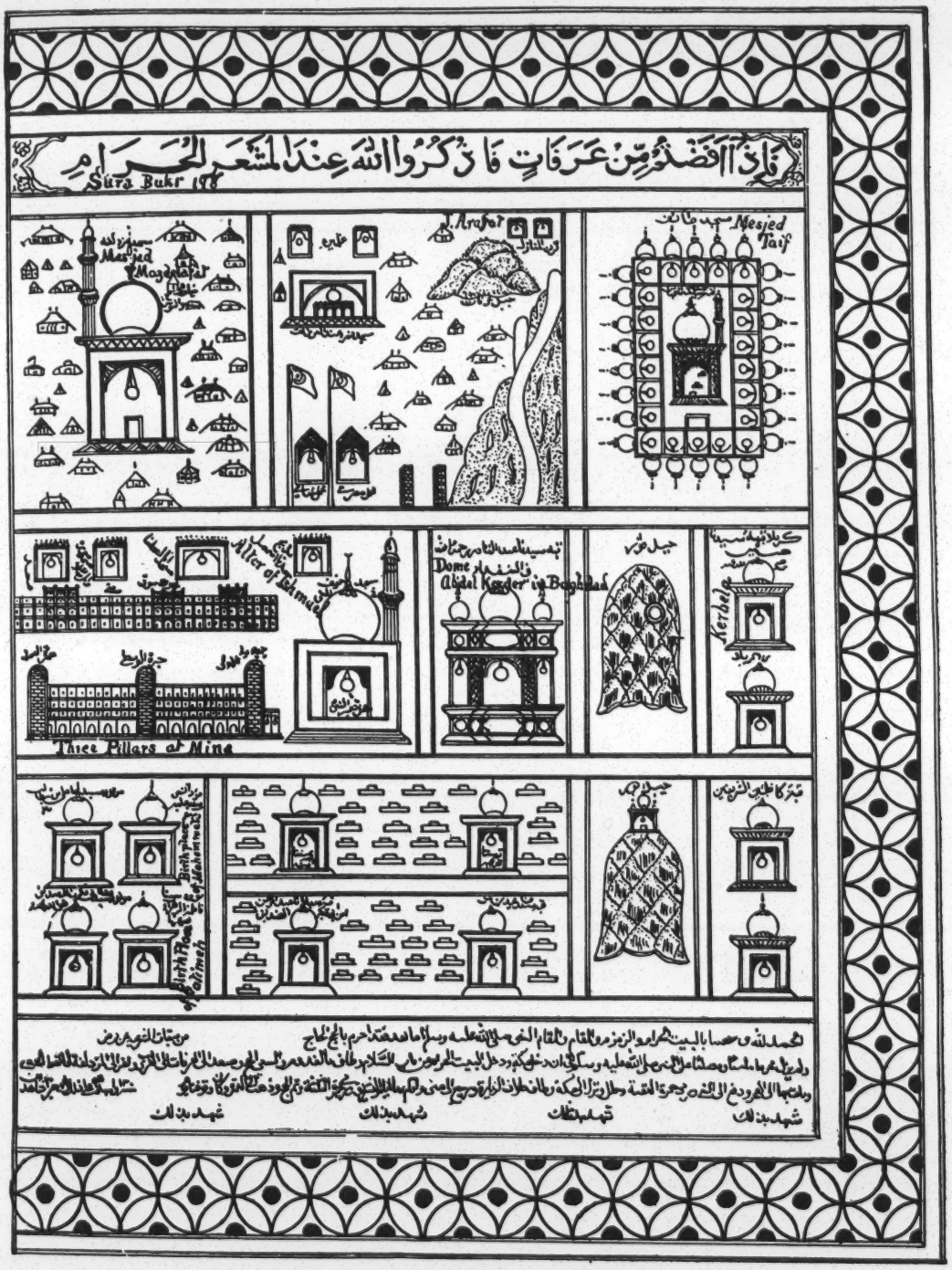

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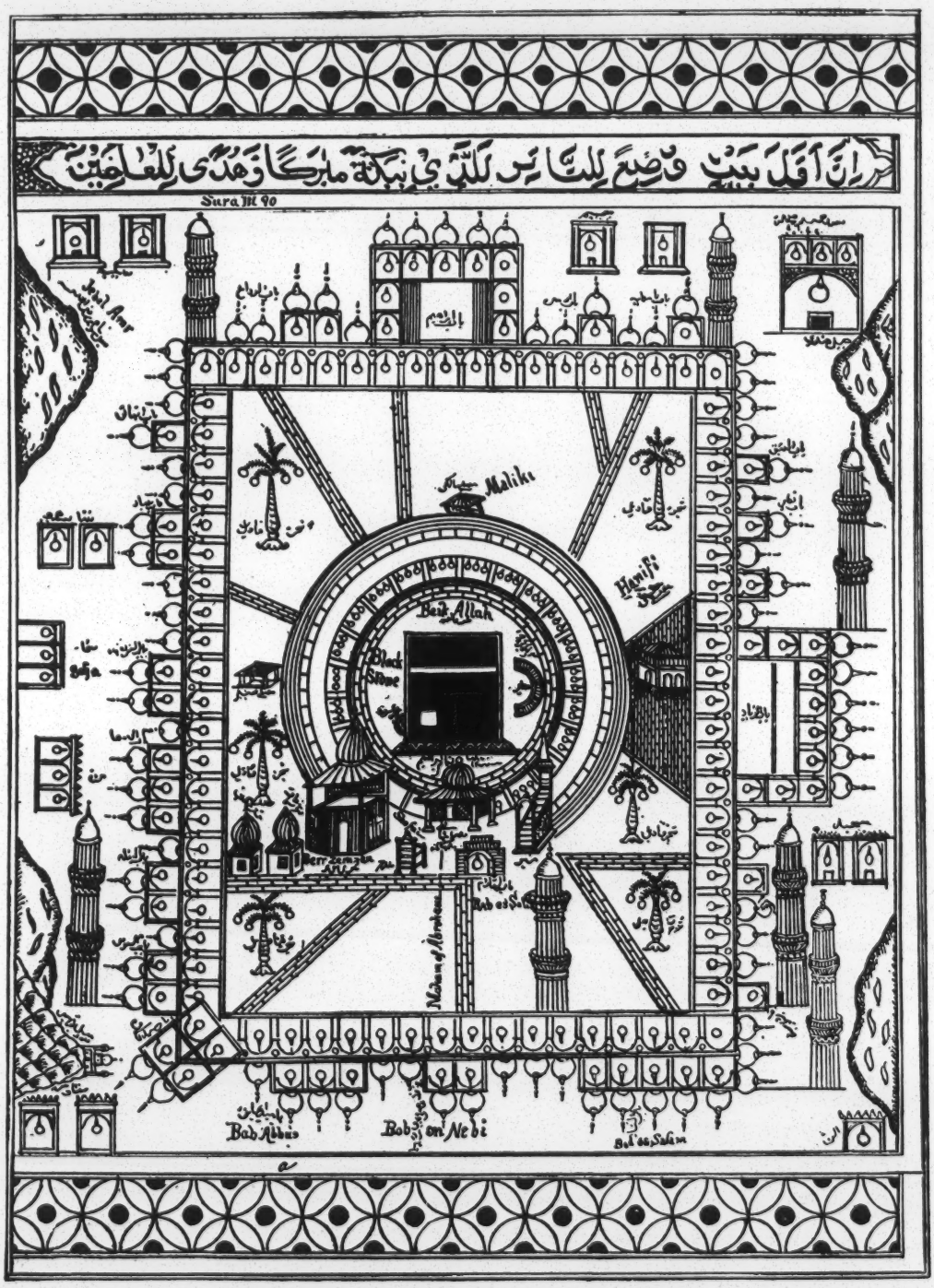

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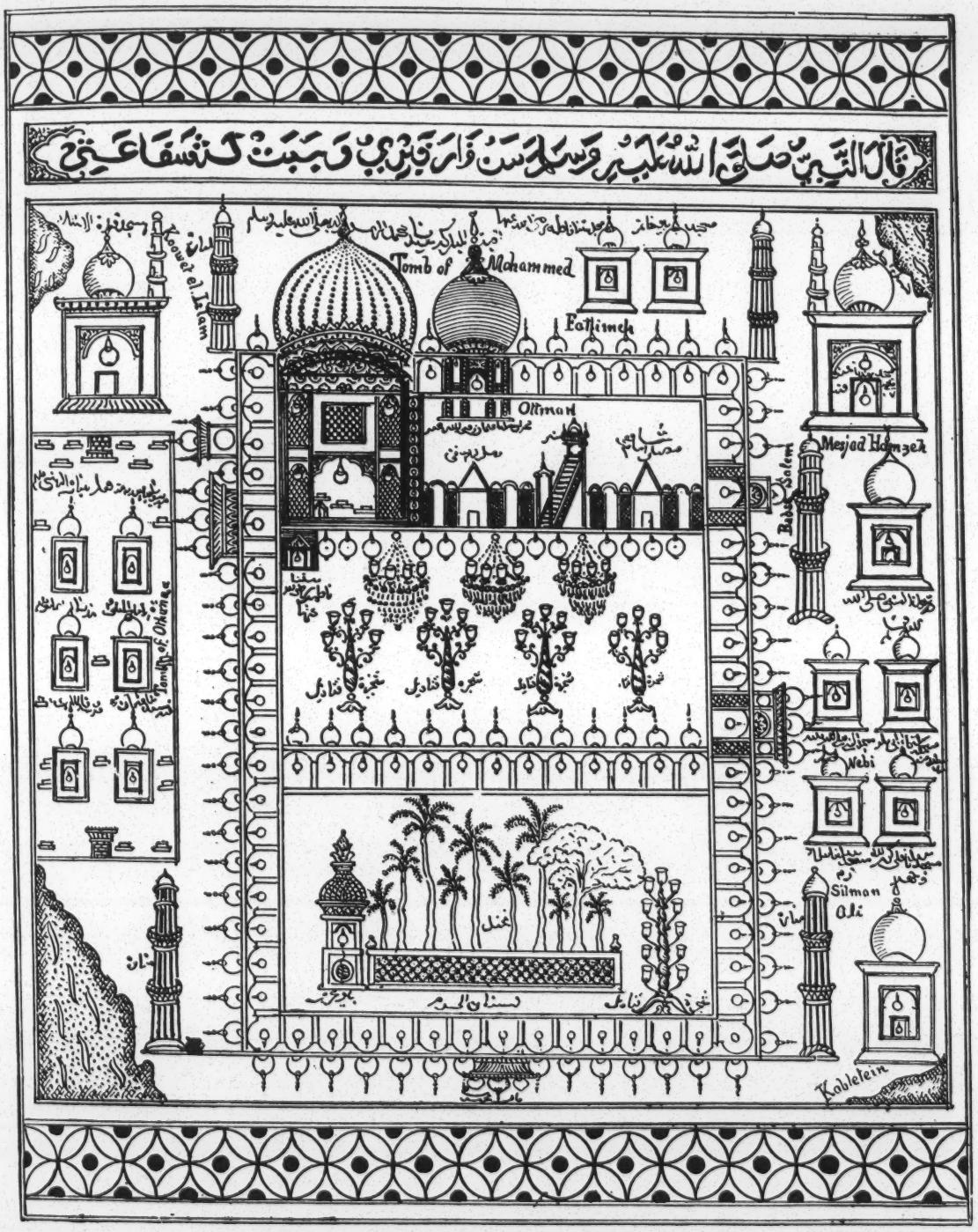

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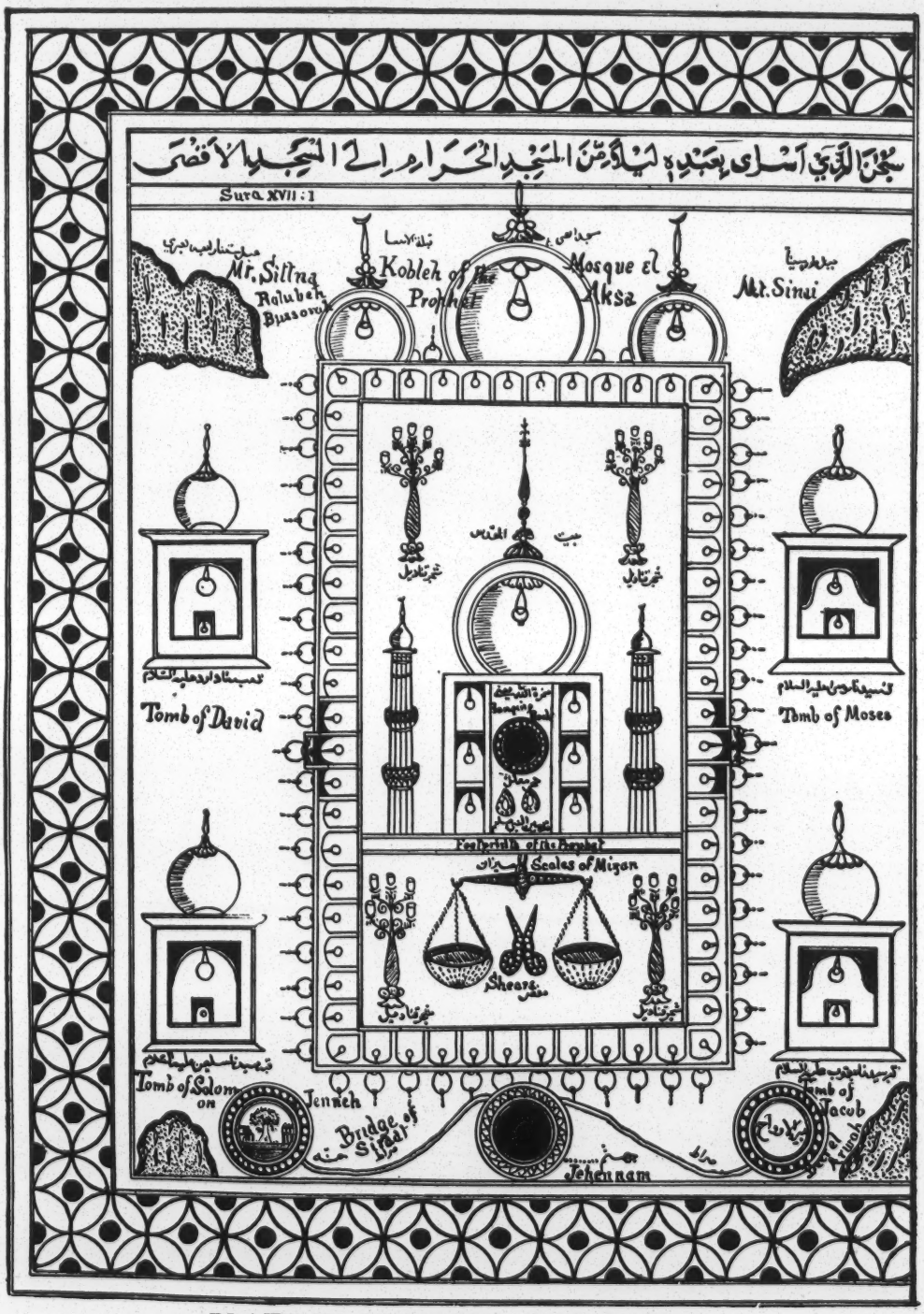

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was the Angel Song of long ago, because God gave His Son to save a world.

Our hearts sing the same glad song again in spirit when we give

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to bring the "good will" of Christ to cheer and encourage and enlighten and lift up the down-trodden and distressed.

The White Gift Offerings will help:

The American Bible Society

The Near East Relief

Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary

The Mountaineer Boys and Girls

The "Conservation Fund"

You may designate it to any one of these causes, or give it undesignated to **The White Gift Fund** and each cause will be given a share.

Send all White Gift Offerings to

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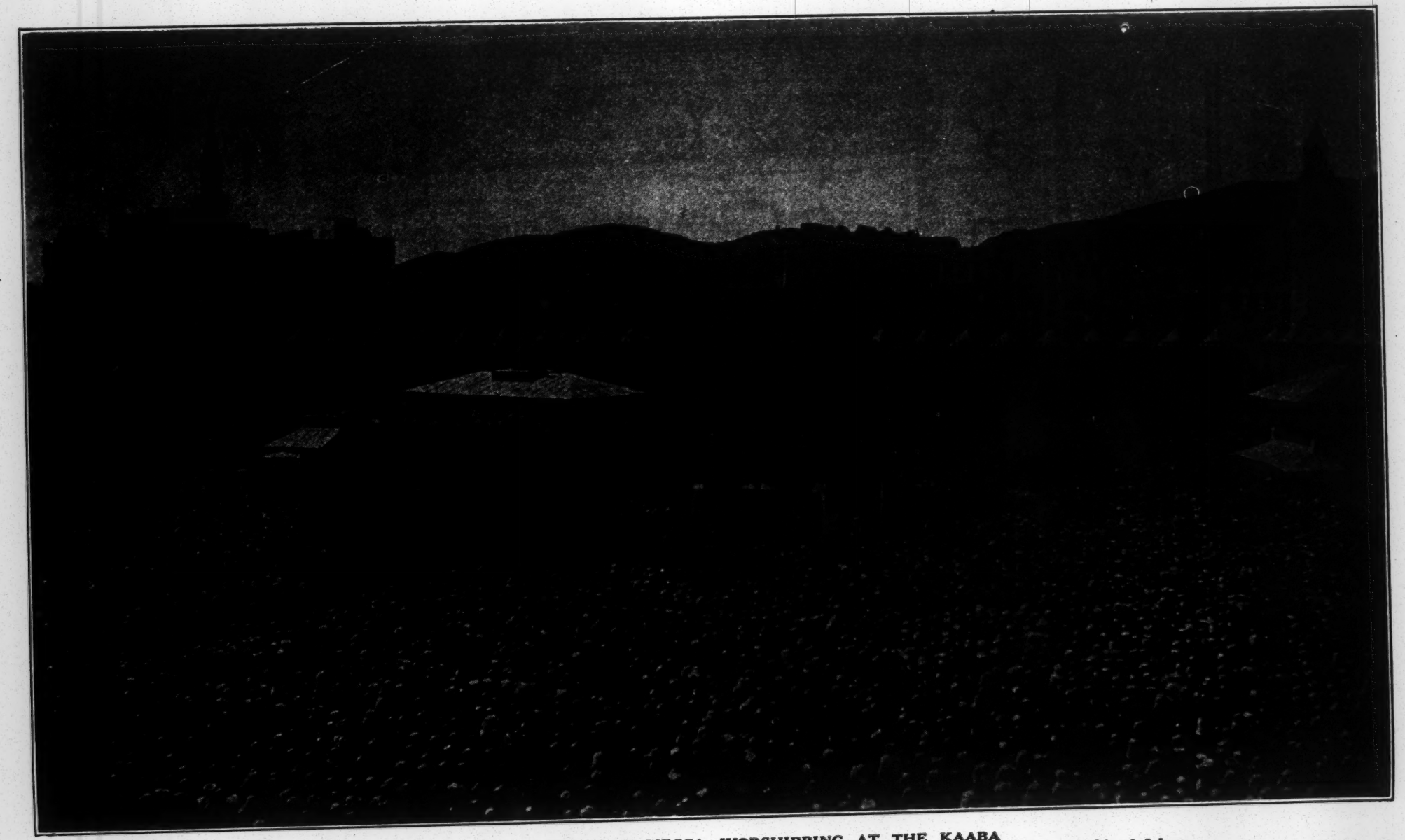

MOSLEM PILGRIMS AT MECCA WORSHIPPING AT THE KAABA
One hundred and fifty thousand Moslems in Haram Court gathered from every nation in the world of Islam
Courtesy Missionary Review of the World